Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Langfier*

The Duchess of Norfolk

Who gave birth to a daughter at Norfolk House, St. James's Square, last week

No. 83 - Vol. VII

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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THE BYSTANDER

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded

BOOKS RECEIVED

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Some Notable Hamlets." By Clement Scott. Cheap Edition. (Greening: 1s.)

"The Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon." With notes by Ellis and Spedding. Edited by J. M. Robertson. (Routledge: 5s.)

"Ethiopia in Exile." By Miss Pullen Burry. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Lord Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton." Introduction by Douglas Sladen. (Library Press: 2s. 6d.)

"Guide to Hampshire" and "Guide to Sussex." (A. and C. Black: 2s. 6d. each.)

"Swift's Journal to Stella." (Messrs. Bell's York Library of Reprints: 2s. net.)

"The Business of Advertising." By Clarence Moran. (Methuen: 2s. 6d.)

"Three for a Penny." (Greening: 1s. net.)

FICTION

"The Missing Elizabeth." By Adeline Sergeant. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

"Mrs. Lygon's Husband." By Adeline Sergeant. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Valley of Inheritance." By V. Langbridge and C. Harold Bourne. (Methuen: 6s.)

"A Marriage in Burmah." By Mrs. M. Chan-Toon. (Greening: 6s.)

"Madame Bovary." By Gustave Flaubert. New Translation by Henry Blanchamp. (Greening: 1s. 6d.)

"The Girl who had Nothing." By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)

Random Jottings

July 5, 1905

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GILLETT

Crown Candidates

Norway has shown that it can be won by union. All classes of politicians joined wholeheartedly, it is said, in insisting upon the severance from Sweden. And now, it appears, the Crown of Norway is going begging. As we go to press, Count Lonyay is reported to have had the refusal of it, the precise qualifications of the Count not being stated. In these days of journalistic enterprise, however, we confidently expect that other candidates for the vacancy will be the Emperor of the Sahara, Mr. Hall Caine's double, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

A Suggestion

It is a delicate matter to offer a suggestion upon, but might not a discreet advertisement—in some of our leading papers—bring in a desirable applicant? For instance :—

WANTED—a King, who would give services in exchange for comfortable palace and rich uniform. Must be gentlemanly, practical, and well-up in languages and foreign affairs. Permanency, if satisfactory. Write, stating age and refs. ; or call any morning between 10 and 12. Principals or solicitors only.

Or this might do :—

Double your salary by qualifying yourself to become a Monarch. You can do this for yourself at home. Write for our prospectus, showing you how to wive, bow, become engaged ("quite a romantic affair"), etc. ; and then send in application.

The notion has a touch of modernity about it, no doubt, but then somehow the notion of King-hunting is strange. It has been done often enough, no doubt. Still, we have a prejudice in favour of those that are born.

The Latest Theory

"Profoundly interesting though it be," writes Dr. Saleeby in the *Academy*, "that living man should now be able to produce life in his laboratories, the really important question is as to the origin of those primal forms of life of which man is the descendant. Did radium produce living things in inorganic matter—sea-water—for instance?" It

Norway (to assorted Grand Dukes): "Now, gentlemen, don't all speak at once"

"Mr. Balfour might similarly hail Sir William Butler"

"Cannot be persuaded that a cabbage-leaf looks well under a tall hat"

is an important question in a way. A good many people had not yet got over the monkey theory of descent. They would be a good deal put about if the result of Mr. Burke's experiment were to prove that they derived their lineage from some sea-slug, produced by the action of radium upon sea-water. Yet people have congratulated Mr. Burke.

The Offensive Scientist

Scientists do occasionally offend the plain man by telling him home-truths that he never thought of. The doctor at Constantinople who has discovered that hand-shaking must be given up because there are 80,000 bacilli to the square inch of the human palm is one of these offenders. Shall an Englishman give up his hand-shake, and adopt instead the Oriental habit of placing his hand on his heart, head, and lips in turn, "thus signifying that the person opposite has ever a place in his heart and head, and that his name is frequently on his (the Englishman's) lips?" Never. He will outwit the Constantinopolitan by washing his hands.

Could We Be Oriental?

Seriously, Oriental salutations cannot be expected of us. We find it difficult, in any case, to be ceremonious, no doubt, because we are by nature sincere. How few people exist to whom one could say sincerely that they have ever a place in one's heart and head, and that their names are frequently on one's lips. In politics, for example—Mr. Collings might salute Mr. Chamberlain in this way, and Mr. Balfour might similarly hail Sir William Butler. But these are exceptional cases.

The Rhetoric of Melodrama

Speaking of Sir William Butler, by the way, the Royal Commissioners who are to inquire into his report must be looking ahead pretty anxiously. It is not merely justice that they have to consider, but composition. Their findings, whatever they be, must not be printed in "the rhetoric of melodrama," as Mr. Brodrick calls it. Their motto should be—"Fairness without alliteration." Otherwise, they will have to reckon with the

"To succeed Sir Frank Burnand in the chair of 'Punch'"

Oliver Cromwell charged with drunkenness

wrath of the *Daily Telegraph*, that guardian of pure and simple Anglo-Saxon.

Concerning Heat-Waves

Live and learn is an excellent maxim; but we Londoners live long and learn very little. Here we are again, for instance, with heat-waves billowing before us, according to all the meteorologists, and the only thing we have learnt about them is that, if they are prognosticated often enough, they don't, as a rule, come off. There is a certain cussedness in heat-waves.

Ambulances

When they do come off, we are caught unprepared. We do not in the least know how to cope with them. We trust guilelessly that if it should be our misfortune to be counted among the victims of the heat, it will be our luck to secure one of the not too plentiful ambulances which the Metropolis provides. Given a fair number of victims, the chance of securing an ambulance is considerably less than that of getting a seat at Musical Chairs.

The Obstinacy of the Business Man

This love of taking chances—coupled with our distrust of prophets—is, perhaps, why we never prepare for hot weather, though continually advised about it. Indeed, nothing produces such a crop of advice in the papers as does a heat-wave. "Anglo-Indian" is always ready to dilate upon the advantages of the punkah in one's home; and "Simpler Life" upon the advantages of a cabbage-leaf in one's hat. Yet we never have punkahs; and—such is social prejudice—very few even of our business men are to be seen trying cabbage-leaves. They cannot be persuaded that a cabbage-leaf looks well under a tall hat.

* * *

We learn privately that Mr. Arnold-Forster has accepted a very handsome offer on the part of the *Daily News* to join its staff, on his quitting office (should that contingency ever arise), in the capacity of chief leader-writer. We are also in a position to state that *Free Russia* will shortly begin the publication of a series of articles on "The Abject Autocracy," by M. Pobiedonostseff. Much interest will be aroused among the admirers of Mr. Rudyard Kipling by the news of his approaching return to the world of journalism. He has accepted the editorship of the *Baptist Times*, and has, it is understood, secured the services of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Lord Hugh Cecil as members of his staff. It is rumoured that Mr. Hall Caine is to succeed Sir Frank Burnand in the chair of *Punch*.

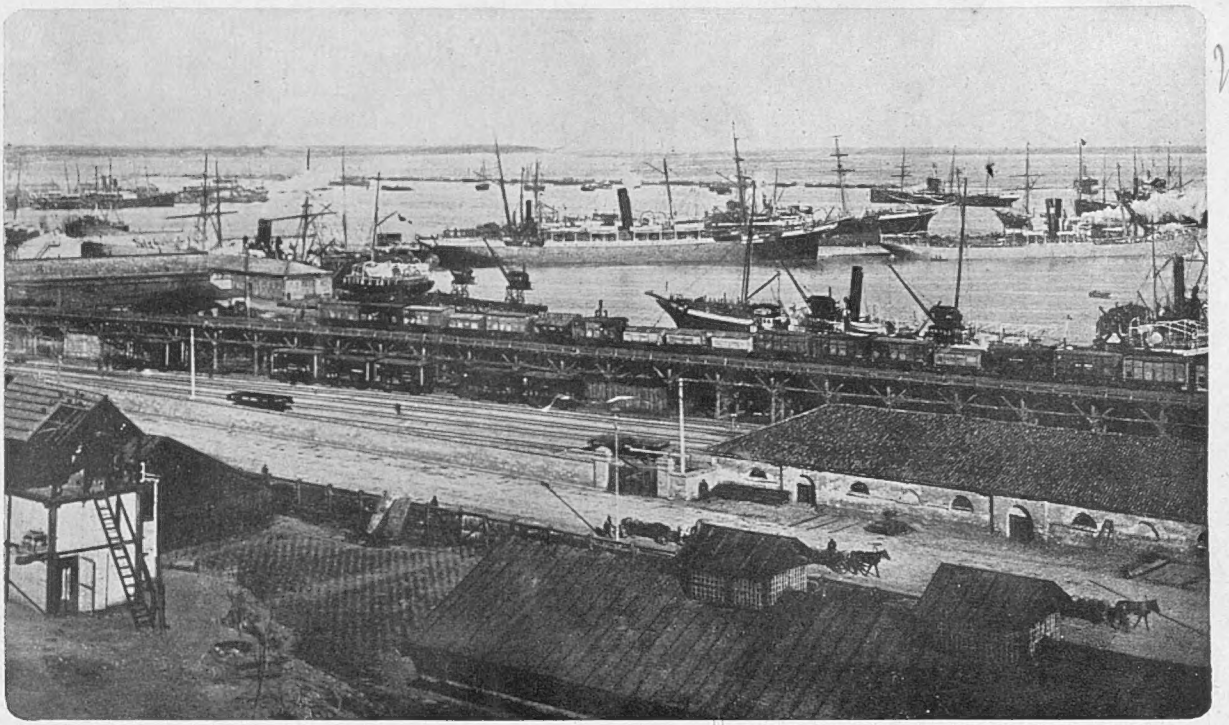


Photo by *Gribayedoff*

The Russian Mutiny: View of the town and harbour of Odessa

In the roadstead illustrated above lay the rebel battleship, *Kniaz Potemkin*, which, with the red flag of revolution flying, fired upon the town. The attack by the rioters on shore resulted in a terrible conflagration, which consumed the docks and elevated railway for a distance of over a mile along the quay

* * *

Mrs. Craigie has been saying that London audiences want educating; which means, it need hardly be pointed out, giving them plays they don't like. This is a branch of the Education question that will breed more Passive Resisters in a month than the Act could in twenty years.

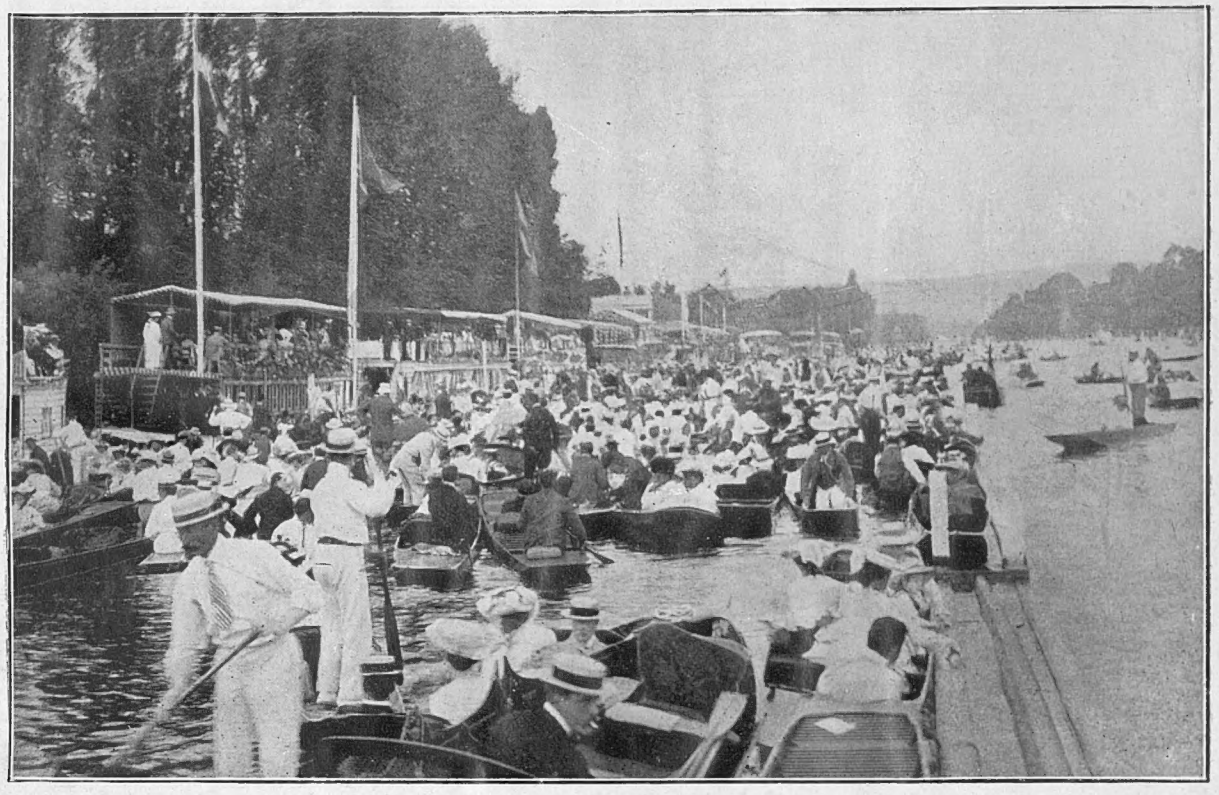
* * *

Oliver Cromwell was before a London magistrate charged with drunkenness last week; and the week before, William Shakespeare was dealt with for the same offence at Brentford. They say that the world knows nothing of its greatest men; and really, if this sort of thing is to go on, the world can hardly be blamed for knowing as little of them as possible.

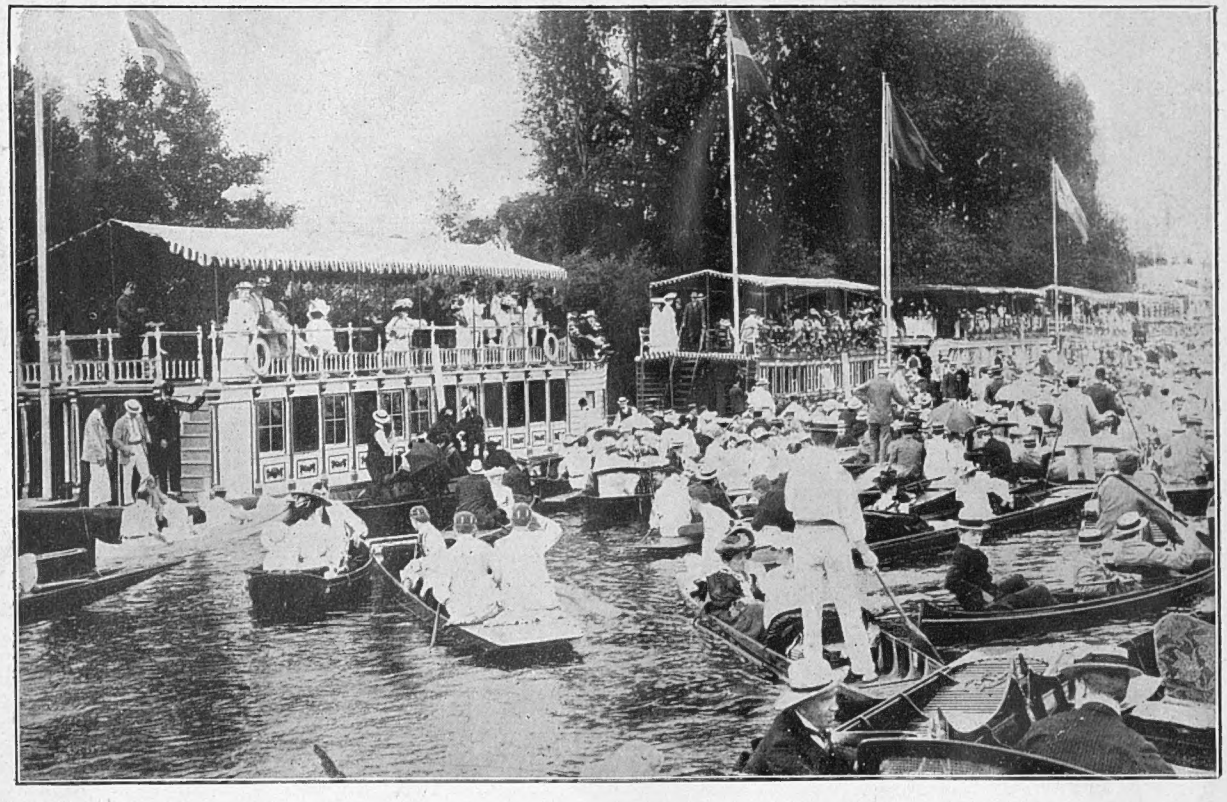
HENLEY SUPPLEMENT

ASPECTS OF HENLEY

BEHIND THE BOOM



Something like an "impasse"



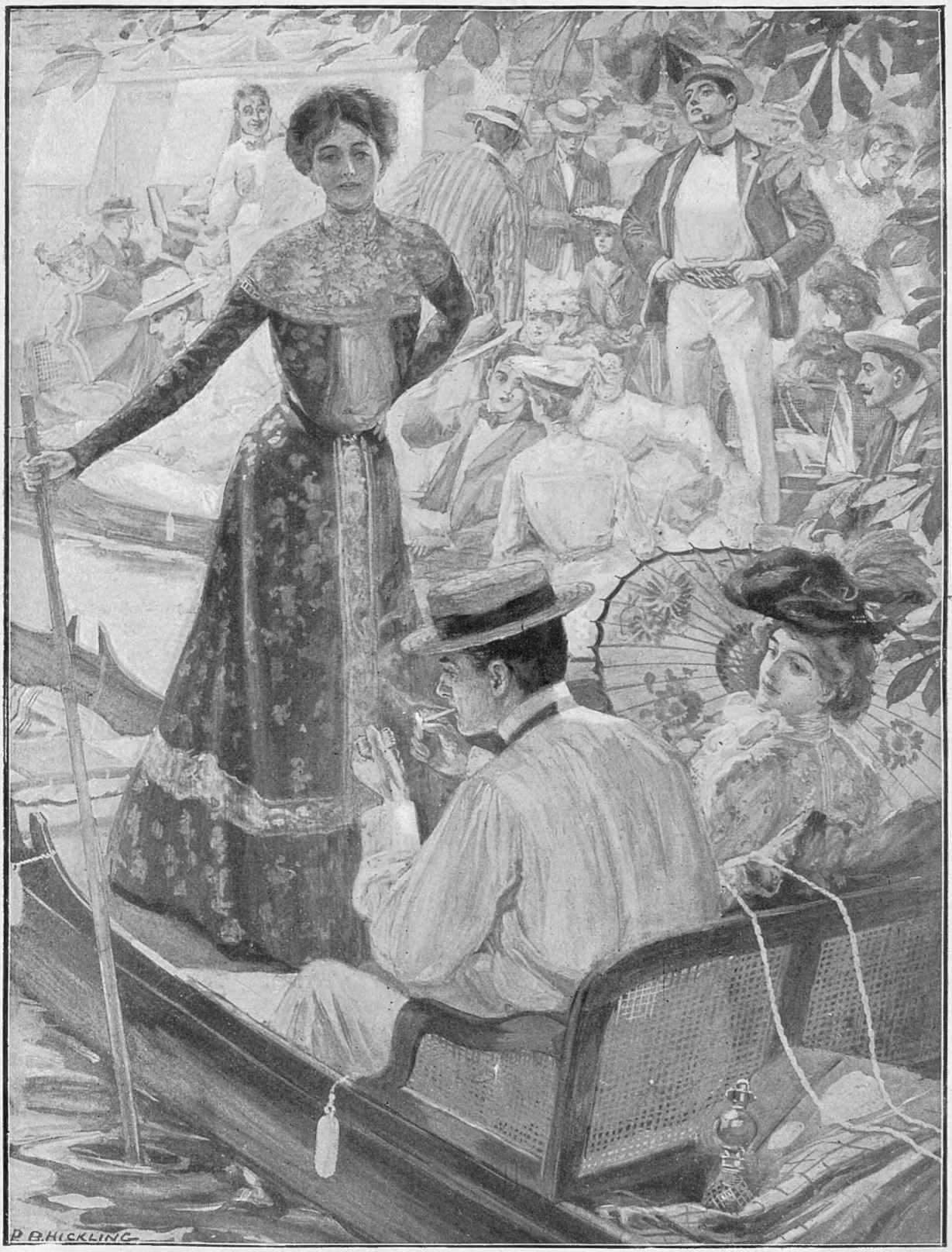
Greetings from punt to skiff, from skiff to houseboat

A charming feature of Henley Regatta is the imperturbable good nature displayed by the crowd. No one appears to mind the congested nature of the traffic behind the boom, and the fact of being stuck for an hour or so is looked upon in the nature of a joke

HENLEY SUPPLEMENT

ASPECTS OF HENLEY

FROCKS AND FRILLS



DRAWN BY P. B. HICKLING

The Feminine Element

Henley, as a sporting institution, is full of distractions. The feminine element is so replete with charm and daintiness, that many a good race escapes the notice of the susceptible male

HENLEY SUPPLEMENT

ASPECTS OF HENLEY

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE REGATTA

Merton, Oxford, Four (Visitors' Challenge Cup)

J. C. Paterson (bow), E. A. H. Bailey, R. W. Somers-Smith, H. C. Bucknall (stroke and steers)

Photos by *Callcott*

One of the Third Trinity Fours

Third Trinity are entering two Fours, one competing for the Visitors' Challenge Cup, the other for the Stewards' Challenge Cup

HENLEY SUPPLEMENT

ASPECTS OF HENLEY

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF THE REGATTA

Leander Eight (Grand Challenge Cup)

A. K. Graham (bow), F. S. Kelly, B. C. Johnstone, Guy Nickalls, F. J. Escombe, P. H. Thomas, R. B. Etherington-Smith, R. H. Nelson (stroke), G. S. Maclagan (cox)

Photos by] **Keble, Oxford, Eight (Thames Challenge Cup)** *[Callcott*

G. M. Joyce (bow), N. C. Elstob, A. Llewellyn Jones, C. F. J. Holmes, A. H. Francis, C. L. Herklots, R. V. Burne, C. C. Collis (stroke), A. Booth (cox)

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Lord Windsor

Lord Windsor, who, as First Commissioner of Works, has interdicted the presence of motors or electric carriages in the Royal Parks between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m., has held his present office since 1902. The new rule seems a great hardship on the owners of electrically-driven landaus and broughams, which cause absolutely no annoyance to anyone. That is the pig-headed and unintelligent fashion with which Government offices carry out their labours, however Probably, complaints were made about the presence of motors in the Park during the afternoon promenade, and so electric carriages are included under the ban, not because they are a nuisance, but because they are not drawn by horses. Lord Windsor, whose ancestor distinguished himself at the Siege of Tourenne in 1513, married a daughter of Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget. He owns about 37,000 acres, mostly near Cardiff and Redditch.

Dr. Wood

Dr. Wood, who received Their Majesties at Harrow last week, has been Head Master of Harrow School since 1898. He is an Oxford man, and in his scholastic career he has been Assistant Master at Cheltenham College, 1867-1870; Head Master of Leamington College, 1870-1890; Head Master of Tonbridge School, 1890-1898. On pp. 35-37 will be found a series of illustrations of Harrow School. Peculiar interest attaches to the chest seen on the left of the second illustration on page 37. This chest was constructed by order of the Governor in 1615, in accordance with the regulations made by the Founder, John Lyon, in 1580, that such a chest should be provided by the Governors of his proposed school for the reception of their muniments, valuables, and seal. After more than 280 years of service it was deposited in this place by order of the Governors, June 23, 1897. In 1725 it was broken into by thieves, who stole the Governors' seal. The ends of the chest show the repairs done after the burglary.

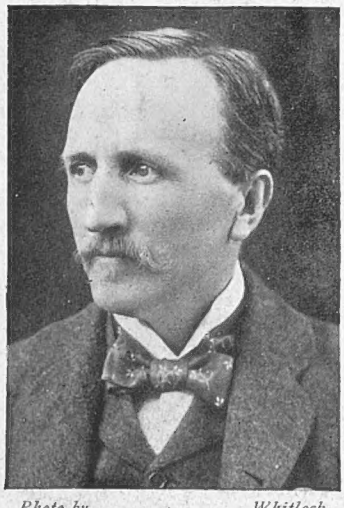


Photo by *Whitlock*

Lord Windsor

Who, as First Commissioner of Works, issued the order excluding motor-cars from Hyde Park until August 1 between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lord Hyde

Only son of the Earl of Clarendon, and engaged to be married to Miss Somers Cocks, sister of Lord Somers

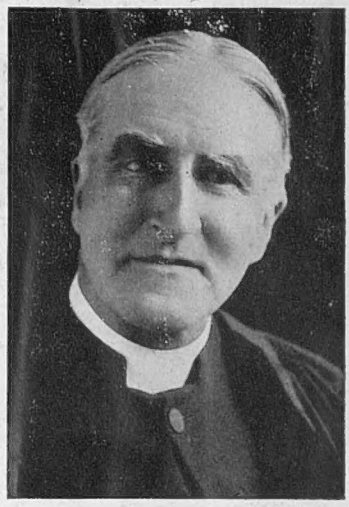


Photo by *R. Haines*

Dr. Wood

Head Master of Harrow School, who received the King and Queen at Harrow on "Speech Day" last Friday

Lord Hyde

Lord Hyde, whose engagement to Miss Somers Cocks was recently announced, is the only son of the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chamberlain. He is on the staff of the Viceroy of Ireland, and has been, for the last few years, one of the best-known men about town. His fiancée is a sister of Lord Somers.

Lady Massereene

When Miss Jean Ainsworth, the pretty young daughter of the popular Member for Argyllshire, became, in March, the wife of Major Algernon Skeffington, she had no reason to suppose that in four short months she would take her place among British peeresses. At the time, the bridegroom was his father's (Lord Massereene and Ferrard's) second son. The death, first of his elder brother, and then of his father, has transformed Major Skeffington into a Viscount, sitting in the Upper House as Baron Oriel. The new Peer won his D.S.O. in South Africa. He is, through his mother, a grandson of the famous novelist, Whyte-Melville. Young Lady Massereene, though Scotch by birth, is exceedingly fond of Ireland, and she will be a charming addition to the ranks of Irish peeresses.

A Pretty New Peeress

Photo by *Thompson*

The Hon. Mrs. A. Skeffington, who is the new Viscountess Massereene

A Famous "Punch" Cartoonist

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. Linley Sambourne, the famous "Punch" cartoonist

Mr. Linley Sambourne

As chief cartoonist of *Punch* Mr. Linley Sambourne occupies one of the most important positions in British journalism. He took up Sir John Tenniel's work four and a half years ago, after thirty-four years of continuous connection with the journal, to which Mark Lemon called him. The son of a City merchant, he began life with the ambition of being a designer of marine engines, and entered the works of a Greenwich firm. To-day his fame as a master of black-and-white is world wide. He was one of the Commissioners, and sole juror for Great Britain, in Class Seven of the Fine Arts at the Paris Exhibition. He hunts, shoots, sails, plays golf, and drives a motor; and is in his sixty-first year.

Madrali v. Hackenschmidt

The announcement that the fiery young Russian and the impassive-looking Turk have signed articles to wrestle again for the Championship of the World recalls the remarkable scene which occurred in their last encounter at Olympia. The vast audience had barely settled down to enjoy the points of the struggle, when Hackenschmidt rushed at his rival, lifted him up in his arms, as if he had been a child, and dropped him on the ground. A moment of silence, begotten by sheer astonishment, was followed by an uproar, as it was seen that the Turk had hurt his arm. On Madrali's face was an expression of mingled pain and chagrin which inclined the most humane to laughter. In a trice the raised platform was stormed by an excited army of men and boys, shouting wildly and waving hats and sticks. To the onlooker it was puzzling to see exactly what advantage was gained by the rather difficult ascent of the platform, yet the hubbub continued long after the two competitors had been borne off by a phalanx of their supporters. It is to be hoped that in the next match the Turk will not be the victim of a mishap.

Madrali, the Sultan's wrestler

Who has signed articles to wrestle Hackenschmidt again for the Championship of the World

Is the Air Being Conquered?

The Problem of Aerial Flight

Two hundred years ago, if any prophet had foretold that carriages would run along the highways propelled by steam or any similarly invisible motive power, he would have been taken for a lunatic. And even to-day, when a modern visionary attempts the task of conquering the air, he may, like Santos Dumont, be proclaimed a sportsman, but he is not given the credit of being a practical scientist.

And yet one day the scientific mystery of mastering the elements, so that man may travel as a bird travels, will surely be unravelled. The belief to-day is that the only possibility of conquering the air and winds is to devise some machine heavier than air. Santos Dumont's airships are mere amateur experiments, for the elementary principle is all wrong. Birds do not fly because they are lighter than air, for they obviously are heavier, but because they possess the instinct of gravity. Thus any vehicle competent to travel through the air for any practical good, will have to solve this problem as well as that of flight.

M. Archdeacon, of Paris, a well-known sportsman, has recently been conducting some experiments which go further to solve this fascinating problem of aerial flight than any hitherto. He has built an aeroplane (shown in our photograph), carrying two wings, with a span of thirty-three feet each. It has a tail, making a length of thirty-three feet in all, and its weight, including a man on board, is about 6 cwt. Most experiments with aeroplanes, including Major Baden-Powell's experiments, have been to take them to the top of some hill and then push off and float downward. M. Archdeacon's plan was to attach his aeroplane, with one passenger, to some swift motor launch, and thus test its capacity.

M. Archdeacon

The celebrated French aeronaut, who has just constructed a new aeroplane, named after himself

M. Archdeacon was warmly congratulated by his friends on the success of his achievement. It remains to be added, that in his initial experiments M. Archdeacon has arranged for no machinery, but it carries ballast to the weight of a motor, the idea being that the ballast can be shifted into any position most conducive to balance. In a future experiment, the aeroplane will be fitted with a motor, and when the launch slows down, it will attempt to make progress on its own account. Experiments like these will go far to discover the theory of successful air navigation.

Miss Gower

Miss L. Gower, who beat Mr. R. C. J. Beaton in the final of the Open Championship for Croquet, held last week at Roehampton, finally proves herself by this victory to be the leading exponent of croquet. This scientific game is about the only sport in which men and women can meet on equal terms, and Miss Gower proves that in her case, at least, she shows superior powers to the sterner sex. Her victory over Mr. Beaton was by 25 and 6, losing the second game by 16, and during the course of the Tournament she defeated such redoubtable players as Capt. Tattersall (by 23 and 28); J. E. H. Lomas (by 26 and 6);

Photos by] **Experimenting with the aeroplane "Archdeacon" along the River Seine** *[Branger*

The Lady Croquet Champion

[illegible] G. W. [illegible]nd [illegible]ised in this remarkable manner his [illegible]pearance in a public tournament. Mr. Beaton is the next most prominent player to Miss Gower, and, in fact, any difference between their degrees of excellence is practically non-existent. Yet it is undoubtedly a fact that of their many meetings, Miss Gower retains the larger proportion of wins.

This is the first time that the Croquet Championships have been held on the magnificent lawns of the Roehampton Club. Lieut.-Colonel Brooke, in whose able hands the management was, had all fourteen lawns in splendid condition. There was a very large entry—for croquet, as played to-day, is too scientific a game not to appeal to the British temperament—but one or two well known players were missing, including C. D. Locock, Cyril Corbally, and Miss Dillon. The venue was changed from Wimbledon because, owing to the increased importance of lawn tennis, the ground has suffered owing to the incursions of the stands round the centre court.

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Miss L. Gower, who won the Open Croquet Championship at Roehampton

Mrs. Brown-Potter

A writer in the *Daily Mail*, reviewing the plays of the past disastrous theatrical season, quotes *Du Barri* as the play that lost most money. A somewhat pathetic echo of the tenure of the Savoy is the sale of the effects of Bray Lodge, Mrs. Brown-Potter's beautiful residence at Maidenhead. In her evidence at the trial of Fossick, the solicitor, Mrs. Brown-Potter said:—

> Among the documents I signed was a bill of sale on my furniture. It was to pay the poor people who had been working in the theatre. I felt that it was better to suffer myself than that they should suffer. Some of them were only in receipt of 25*s.* or 30*s.* a week, and I did not wish to see them starve.

The greatest sympathy has been extended towards the actress at the reversals of fortune which have rendered the sale necessary. Mrs. Brown-Potter is now appearing at the Coliseum in the version of *Pagliacci* which was one of the most artistic of the pieces produced at the Savoy.

The present number commences a new volume. Readers should remember that each issue carries with it a £2,000 Accident Insurance

Mrs. Brown-Potter at Bray Lodge

Photo by *Russell and Sons*

Mrs. Brown-Potter signed a bill of sale upon the furniture at Bray Lodge, in order to pay the employés at the Savoy Theatre

The Agricultural Show at Park Royal

Mr. K. M. Clark's Suffolk stallion, "Sudbourne Count," prizewinner in the class for stallions foaled in or before 1901

Photos by *Alan Cartwright*

Mr. John Hammond's red-polled bull, "Davyson 244th," which won first prize and championship in its class

The Agricultural Show at Park Royal

Photo by *Alan Cartwright*

Judging the Hereford Bulls: The King's bull, "Emperor" (to the right), under the scrutiny of the judges

Photo b *Illustrations Bureau*

A general view of the Park Royal Show, which has been visited by the King and Queen, and on the opening day by the Prince of Wales

Cowes to Clyde Handicap Yacht Race

Photo by *Beken and Son*

Mr. Myles Kennedy's "White Heather," winner of the £100 Cup

The *White Heather* started scratch, and won in 8 hrs. 16 secs. ; Mr. Douglas Kerr's *Valdora* (3 hrs. 4 mins. 20 secs.) was second, completing the course in 12 hrs. 33 mins. 17 secs. The winning yacht is Fife-designed, and is under the charge of Captain Bevis, who commanded *Shamrock I.* in 1901, when she competed for the *America* Cup

The World of the Theatre

A Disastrous Season

The approach of the summer vacation gives one time for retrospection—not a very cheerful task this year. If the autumn season pursues the course set for it by the spring season, the theatrical year 1905 will go down to posterity as one of the worst on record. Without going into mournful details concerning the plays which have run but little longer than "one consecutive night," as the wags have it, one may find a possible remedy by looking into the great "first cause" of the depression, the state of the money market. When money is "tight"—and it seems years since it merited any other qualifying adjective—theatre-going is one of the first amusements to be curtailed. This state of affairs is so well recognised that one is inclined to marvel that managers have not taken drastic steps to cope with the situation.

THE SAND DANCER
A sketch of a type
BY FRED BATEMAN

Managers, of course, know their own business best, and if they were to listen to the wild theories advanced by that large section of the public, every member of which thinks he was destined for the task of running newspapers and theatres, they would quickly have occasion to repair to Carey Street. At the risk, therefore, of being attached to the Grand Army of Wiseacres, I revive the suggestion often aired by the non-theatrical playgoer, that there should be a general overhauling of prices for admission to the theatre. Non-theatrical playgoer is a term which needs some explanation. I use it for want of a better term to designate the casual playgoer, who does not trouble to probe into the arcana of the drama. His comments upon plays and players are not distinguished by fine shades of discrimination. This play is "rotten," another is interesting or exciting. Beyond this he does not go. But he pays for his seats, and when it is a question of stalls—as it generally is—he becomes as knowing and cautious as a man over a horse deal. He starts with the assumption that the manager is trying to bluff him into seeing a play which is not worth the outlay. For this suspicious outlook the half-guinea stall is entirely responsible. It is too large a sum to risk upon a potential evening's amusement. During the last six months there have been produced plays of so indifferent a quality as to justify the half-guinea paying playgoer sending in his card to the manager scored with ribald expostulatory remarks. On the other hand, there have been many plays which have not run sufficiently long to pay expenses, yet which have been well worth seeing.

Produced at a theatre with a lower tariff, these plays would very probably have turned the corner and commenced to make money for the management.

I hope I am not leaving the impression that the standard of dramatic art will rise in inverse ratio to the price charged for admission to the theatre. An indifferent play remains indifferent whatever price you pay to see it. The point I wish to emphasise is that only plays of the first order can be expected to attract playgoers in large numbers on the present scale of charges. And when the standard of production falls below the average, as it certainly has done this half-year, the result is general disaster.

The present fixed and artificial scale of charges is a fetish which might experimentally be abolished.

Let the manager of a comedy house, who puts up a two-hours' play, with a small cast and simple scenery, lower his stalls to five shillings, and see what comes of his experiment. Of the plays produced in one season a fair percentage are modern comedies, the cost of production of which is slight compared with the great spectacular pieces. A playgoer will pay out a large sum now and again to see a gorgeous production, but he feels he is being defrauded at paying the same amount for a mere comedy, with a few people in it. In foreign capitals the manager makes his prices according to his wares, and fixes his top price much below the English half-guinea. There is another tenable view of the half-guinea fetish, that it often causes the manager to bolster up a play of medium worth with expensive accessories in a kind of shamefaced justification of the prices he charges for admission. So when the public spots the deception, his fall is the greater.

A Noted Character Actor

When the Belasco Theatre is inaugurated in London, several new stars will burst upon the British dramatic firmament. Of these, one of the most glittering is Mr. Dave Warfield, the great character

comedian. I saw Warfield several times during what may be termed his Hebrew period. The American stage yields each year a tremendous output of Dutch and Hebrew comedians. Of this vast dialectal army which invades the regular and variety stage, Warfield is the acknowledged king. He has developed his natural gifts of observation to a remarkable extent. He selects the pedlar or old-clothes man of Jewish extraction, and hardly a gesture, a look, a movement of his model escapes this artist. He possesses the faculty of holding the attention of the audience for long stretches of time. An indifferent actor can sometimes call up in the minds of his audience terrible visions of eternity by remaining alone upon the stage for five minutes. Warfield makes minutes seem like seconds, and, when he makes his exit, one suddenly realises that he has been upon the stage for a considerable period. In *The Whirl of the Town*, that piece which was *fine champagne* on its first production at the Casino, New York, and very stale beer when revived in London, Warfield, a shabby, furtive figure, shuffled on the stage to peddle a perpendicular column of dilapidated bowlers. It was many minutes before he had disposed of the last hat, but the audience never ceased laughing at his running commentary of remarks, ranging in tone from wheedling to bitter, and so to vituperative, as he disposed of the goods to his imaginary customers. An English comedian with the same happy gift of keeping an audience amused is Mr. G. P. Huntley. In *The Music Master*, Mr. Warfield plays the rôle of a German professor. It is as well, for an English audience is rather apt to take the comic Hebrew too seriously.

An unpublished portrait of "La Tortajada"

The famous Spanish dancer now appearing at the Palace

Photo by] **Sportswomen on the Stage: Miss Ethel Oliver** [*Hutchinson and Svendsen*

Miss Oliver, who is a skilful horsewoman, is playing "Celeste" in *The Spring Chicken* at the Gaiety Theatre

The New Haven of Refuge for the Monks of La Grande Chartreuse

General view of the new "Grande Chartreuse" Monastery at Lucca, in Tuscany

When the monks of the Grande Chartreuse were expelled from their famous monastery near Grenoble, France, they found a refuge at the dependent monas eries of their Order in various parts of the world, sixty cf them being quartered at the Carthusian monastery of St. Hugh, Parkminster, Sussex. Our illustration shows the new home in Italy to which the scattered members of the Carthusian Order will now proceed

Photos by *Boyer d'Agen*

Carthusian Monks entering by the principal gate of the new Monastery, which is still in the hands of the builders

The Carthusians are an extremely wealthy order, the revenues accruing from the sale of their famous Grande Chartreuse liqueur being very large. The peculiar honey flavour which distinguishes this liqueur—the recipe of which is a jealously guarded secret known only to the monks—is said to be obtained by distilling in the finest brandy the fragrant herbs which most attract bees

The Home of "Fugitive and Cloistered Virtue"

Photo by *Boyer d'Agen*

Monks returning to their cells along the Grand Cloister of the new "Grande Chartreuse" Monastery at Lucca, Tuscany

No expense has been spared in the construction of this magnificent haven of refuge. The cloisters are of Carrara marble, the one seen above being over 200 yards long. The dazzling brilliancy of the white marble in the brightness of the Tuscan sunshine offers a striking contrast to the ungainly seventeenth-century structure, near Grenoble, which was the home of the Carthusians in France

Carthusian Fathers in the Chapel at Lucca

Photo by *Boyer d'Agen*

View of the interior of the new "Grande Chartreuse" Chapel at Lucca, taken while the Monks are chanting office

The severities of the Order are not so much physical as spiritual, although, besides the rigid abstemiousness in diet and other negation of necessities, each Father wears daily a hair shirt next the skin. But strenuous prayer and meditation—spiritual wrestling, so to speak—take up most of the time of the monks, who, if their way of life be not appreciated by the busy workaday world, at least hold aloft as shining lights the three great virtues of Obedience, Charity, and Humility

How Carthusians Practise the "Simple Life"

The Refectory, where meals are taken on Sundays and Feast Days

The Carthusian Order is second to none—not even to that of the Trappists—for severity of discipline. A life of rigid abstemiousness is imposed upon all the members. The day commences at six, when prayers are said by each monk in his own cell. After the Angelus, at 6.30, confessions are made, and then follows a succession of services and prayers lasting till nine. Then work until ten, when dinner, the first meal of the day, is served. This usually consists of vegetable soup, fish or eggs, and fruit. No meat is taken under any consideration. The only other meal during the day is taken between four and five, when bread and wine is served

Photos by *Boyer d'Agen*

The Interior of the New "Grande Chartreuse" at Lucca: A procession passing along the Grand Cloisters

Although the Carthusians do not bind themselves to absolute silence, this is observed as much as possible, conversation only being permitted when absolutely necessary, as for example, in the workshops. Besides brewing the famous liqueur, the monks do most of their own work, and have such shops, or "obediences" as they are called, as a carpenter's shop, a blacksmith's, and a shoemaker's, all of which are presided over by members of the Order who are skilled in these various trades

CONCERNING THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

(NO. 83 OF THE SERIES)

Our Premier Duke and Earl

It is a charming illustration of the English way of doing things that the Premier Duke and Earl in a State which is officially hostile to the Pope should be a Roman Catholic, and one of the most important members of that Church in Christendom. Nobody minds. As for the Duke, his splendid isolation gives him as unique a position among his co-religionists as his blood gives him among his fellow-citizens. He does not tend to undervalue his eminence as a son of Rome. On his visits to that city he has maintained a retinue more large and splendid than our time is accustomed to, even in Princes. Visitors to the most gorgeously opulent of the Roman churches, St. Paul's-without-the-Walls, may see the portraits in mosaic of all the Popes from the beginning, high up upon the frieze. One of the earliest, to whom legend attributes some admixture of British blood, has eyes formed each of a diamond, the gift of the Duke of Norfolk.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, K.G.

The House of Howard

The house of Howard has gone through many trials in the course of creating its share (a large one) of the nation's history. Its ancestor, Hereward, was badly treated by William the Conqueror, and from time to time since then its representatives have met with annoyance at the hands of the ruling Monarch, being by turns attainted of treason and restored to title and estates. The last unpleasantness of the kind occurred when George the Fourth compelled the aged Duke of Norfolk to drink too much at his table, and afterwards had him driven round and round the lawn of the Brighton Pavilion, that the gratifying spectacle might be enjoyed to the full.

A Family Legend

Another mischance befell in connection with the thirteenth Duke, who had so little regard for the proprieties of his position as to be a Protestant. At Arundel Castle, however, they do not encourage any references to this "This was the Protestant Duke, was it not?" once inquired a visitor, stopping before that nobleman's portrait in the gallery. "No, sir," replied the retainer who was showing him round; "the Duke was mentally afflicted in his later years, but I never heard that he was a Protestant."

The Duke as Politician

The Duke who is now with us lives but little in the nation's eye. The offices of Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal impose but little publicity on their holder, and the Chief Butler of England cannot in strictness be called an overworked official. But his Grace was a good Mayor of Sheffield in 1895, and as good a Lord Mayor in the following year, when Sheffield went up one. His part in politics is not a sensational one; but it is definite enough. He is Chancellor of the Primrose League; and he was Postmaster-General for five years, during which the work of that great department proceeded without mishap. Also he served in South Africa.

He has a famous castle at Arundel, most of which he built, and which, according to a famous and candid authority, "does not possess one salient or admirable feature."

It is no secret that the rejoicings at Norfolk House would have been all the greater if the new arrival had been of the male sex. At the same time, we very heartily congratulate the Duke and Duchess upon the birth of their daughter, who is a most important baby, being heiress presumptive after her mother of the eleventh Baron Herries, a Scottish barony four hundred years old. Lord Edmund Talbot, who is still heir to the Dukedom, was recently elected Member for Chichester.

July

Dust that spreads the country roads
With white velvet for the passers-by,
Flies that sting like poisoned goads—
That's July.

Honeysuckle, lest we faint,
Sheds out a fragrance poignant as a cry;
In the garden's walled restraint,
Peacock's make their harsh complaint
To the heedless sapphire of the sky.

Larkspurs flower to tempt the bees,
Peaches bring the yellow-jackets nigh,
Gossamer blows in the breeze
Of July.

NORA CHESSON.

Anglo-American Friendship: The "Pilgrim

Sir L. Alma Tadema Sir E. Poynter Prof. Ray Lankester Mr. Rider Haggard Sir A. Conan Doyle Sir F. Pollock Lord Balfo
Mr. Rudyard Kipling Mr. Arthur Balfour Hon. Stewart Woodford Lord Roberts Mr. Whitelaw Reid (The Guest of the Evening)

The Society of Pilgrims, with Lord Roberts as Chairman, give their Welco

Dinner to the American Ambassador

pf Burleigh Sir G. White Sir F. Burnand Mr. Alfred Austin Lord Alverstone Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman Sir Henry Irving Archdeacon Sinclair Lord Aberdeen The Lord Mayor Sir Thomas Lipton

ing Dinner at Claridge's to the new American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY H. M. PAGET

OUR SHORT STORY

TRICOTRIN ENTERTAINS

BY LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," "The Worldlings," etc.

One night when Pitou went home, an unaccustomed perfume floated to meet him on the stairs. He climbed them in amazement.

"If we lived in an age of miracles, I should conclude that Tricotrin was smoking a cigar," he said to himself. "What can it be?"

The pair occupied a garret in the Rue des Trois Frères at this time, where their window, in sore need of repairs, commanded an unrivalled view of the dirty steps descending to the Passage des Abbesses. To-night, behold Tricotrin pacing the garret with dignity, between his lips an Havannah that could have cost no less than a franc. The composer rubbed his eyes.

"Have they made you an Academician?" he stammered, "or has your uncle, the silk manufacturer, died and left you his business?"

"My friend," replied the poet, "prepare yourself for 'a New and Powerful Feuilleton of the Most Absorbing Interest!' I am no longer the young man who went out this evening—I am a celebrity."

"I thought," said the composer, "that it couldn't be you when I saw the cigar."

"Figure yourself," continued Tricotrin, "that at nine o'clock I was wandering on the Grands Boulevards with a thirst that could have consumed a brewery. I might mention that I had also empty pockets, but——"

"It would be to pad the feuilleton shamelessly," said Pitou; "there are things that one takes for granted."

"At the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, a fellow passed me whom I knew and yet did not know. I could not recall where it was we had met. I turned and followed him, racking my brains the while. Suddenly I remembered——"

"Pardon me," interrupted the composer, "but I have read 'Bel Ami' myself. Oh, it is quite evident that you are a celebrity—you have already forgotten how to be original!"

"There is a resemblance, it is true," admitted Tricotrin. "However, Maupassant had no copyright in the Place de l'Opéra. I say that I remembered the man; I had known him when he was in the advertisement business in Lyons. Well, we have supped together; he is in a position to do me a service—he will ask an editor to publish an 'Interview' with me!"

"An 'Interview'?" exclaimed Pitou. "You are to be 'Interviewed'? Oh, no, my poor friend, too much meat has unhinged your reason! Go to sleep—you will be hungry and sane again to-morrow!"

"It will startle some of them, *hein*? 'Gustave Tricotrin At Home'—in the illustrated edition of *Le Demi-Mot*?"

"Illustrated?" gasped Pitou. He looked round the attic. "Did I understand you to say 'illustrated'?"

"Well, well," said Tricotrin, "we shall move the beds. And, perhaps, the concierge will lend us a palm from the portals. With a palm and an amiable photographer an air of splendour is easily arrived at. I should like a screen—we will borrow one from a studio in the Rue Ravignan. *Mon Dieu!* with a palm and a screen, I foresee the most opulent effects."

On the day that it had its likeness taken, the attic was temporarily transformed.

The photographer proved as resourceful as could be desired; and perhaps the most striking feature of the illustration was the spaciousness of the apartment in which M. Tricotrin was presented to readers of *Le Demi-Mot*. The name of the thoroughfare was not obtruded.

With what pride was that issue of the journal regarded in the Rue des Trois Frères!

"Aha!" cried Tricotrin, who in moments persuaded himself that he really occupied such noble quarters, "those who repudiated me in the days of my struggles will be a little repentant now, *hein*? Stone heart will discover that I was not wrong in relying on my genius!"

"I assume," said Pitou, "that 'stone heart' is your newest pet-name for the silk-manufacturing uncle?"

"You catch my meaning precisely. I propose to send a copy of the paper to Lyons, with the 'interview' artistically bordered by laurels; I cannot draw laurels myself, but there are plenty of people who can. We will find some one to do it when we palter with starvation at Le Faisan d'Or this evening—or perhaps we had better fast at Le Lapin Agile instead, there is generally some ink in the bottle there. I shall put the address in the margin—my uncle will not know where it is, and on the grounds of euphony I have no fault to find with it. It would not surprise me if I received an affectionate letter and a bank-note in reply—the perversity of human nature delights in generosities to the prosperous.'

"It is a fact," said Pitou. "That human nature!"

"Who knows?—he may even renew the allowance that he used to make me!"

"Upon my word, more unlikely things have happened," Pitou conceded.

"*Mon Dieu*, Nicolas, we shall again have enough to eat!"

"Ah, visionary!" exclaimed Pitou; "are there no bounds to your imagination?"

Now the perversity to which the poet referred did inspire M. Rigaud, of Lyons, to loosen his purse strings. He wrote that he rejoiced to learn that

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(Continued on page 30)

"All the World's a Stage"

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HEATH ROBINSON

(A "strange, eventful history," to be continued weekly)

(Continued from page 28)

Gustave was beginning to make his way, and enclosed a present of two hundred and fifty francs. More, after an avuncular preamble, which the poet skipped—having a literary hatred of digressions in the work of others—he even hinted that the allowance might be resumed.

What a banquet there was in Bohemia! How the glasses jingled afterwards in La Lune Rousse, and oh, the beautiful hats that Ivonne and Marcelle displayed in the Jardin des Buttes-Chaumont on the next fine Sunday! Even when the last ripples of the splash were stilled, the comrades swaggered gallantly on the Boulevard Rochechouart, for by any post might not the first instalment of that allowance arrive?

Weeks passed; and Tricotrin began to say, "It looks to me as if we needed another 'interview'!"

And then came a letter which was no less cordial than its predecessor, but which crashed upon the humble attic like a bombshell from the Prussians. Monsieur Rigaud stated that business would bring him to Paris on the following evening, and that he anticipated the pleasure of visiting his nephew; he trusted that his dear Gustave would meet him at the station. The poet and composer stared at each other with bloodless faces.

"You must call at his hotel instead," faltered Pitou at last.

"But you may be sure he will wish to see my elegant abode."

"'It is in the hands of the decorators. How unfortunate!'"

"He would propose to offer them suggestions; he is a born suggester."

"'Fever is raging in the house—a most infectious fever'; we will ask a medical student to give us one."

"It would not explain my lodging in a slum meanwhile."

"Well, let us admit that there is nothing to be done; you will have to own up."

"Are you insane? It is improvident youths like you who come to lament their wasted lives. If I could receive him this once as he expects to be received, we cannot doubt that it would mean an income of two thousand francs to me. Prosperity dangles before us—shall I fail to clutch it? *Mon Dieu*, what a catastrophe, his coming to Paris! Why cannot he conduct his business in Lyons? Is there not enough money in the city of Lyons to satisfy him? Oh, grasper! what greed! Nicolas, my more than brother, if it were night when I took him to a sumptuous apartment, he might not notice the name of the street—I could talk brilliantly as we turned the corner. Also I could scintillate as I led him away. He would never know that it was not the Rue des Trois Frères."

"You are right," agreed Pitou; "but which is the pauper in our social circle whose sumptuous apartment you propose to acquire?"

"One must consider," said Tricotrin. "Obviously, I am compelled to entertain in somebody's; fortunately, I have two days to find it in. I shall now go forth!"

It was a genial morning, and the first person he accosted in the Rue Ravignan was Goujaud, painting in the patch of garden before the studios. "Tell me, Goujaud," exclaimed the poet, "have you any gilded acquaintance who would permit me the use of his apartment for two hours to-morrow evening?"

Goujaud reflected for some seconds, with his head to one side. "I have never done anything so fine as this before," he observed; "regard the atmosphere of it!"

"It is execrable," replied Tricotrin, and went next door to Flamant. "My old one," he explained, "I have urgent need of a regal apartment for two hours to-morrow—have you a wealthy friend who would accommodate me?"

"You may beautify your bedroom with all my possessions," returned Flamant heartily. "I have a stuffed parrot that is most decorative, but I have not a friend that is wealthy."

"You express yourself like a First Course for the the Foreigner," said Tricotrin, much annoyed; "devil take your stuffed parrot!"

The heat of the sun increased towards midday, and drops began to trickle under the young man's hat. By four o'clock he had called upon sixty-two persons, exclusive of Sanquereau, whom he had been unable to wake. He bethought himself of Lajeunie, the novelist, but Lajeunie could offer him nothing more serviceable than a pass for the Elysée-Montmartre. "Now how is it possible that I spend my life among such imbeciles?" groaned the unhappy poet; "one offers me a parrot, and another a pass for a dancing-hall! Can I assure my uncle, who is a married man, and produces silk in vast quantities, that I reside in a dancing-hall? Besides, we know those passes—they are only available for ladies."

"It is true that you could not get in by it," assented Lajeunie, "but I give it to you freely. Take it, my poor fellow! Though it appears inadequate to the occasion, it may prove to be the turning-point in your fortunes."

"You are as mad as the stories you write," said Tricotrin; "still it can go in my pocket." And he made, exhausted, for a bench in the Place Dancourt, where he apostrophised his fate.

Thus occupied, he fell asleep, and presently a young woman sauntered from the sidewalk across the square. In the shady little Place Dancourt is the little white Théâtre Montmartre, and she first perused the play-bill, and then contemplated the sleeping poet. It may have been that she found something attractive in his bearing, or it may have been that ragamuffins sprawled elsewhere; but, having determined to wait a while, she selected the bench on which he reposed, and forthwith woke him.

"Now here is a nice thing!" he exclaimed, realising his lapse with a start.

"Oh, monsieur!" said she, blushing.

"Pardon; I referred to my having dozed when every moment is of consequence," he explained. "And yet," he went on ruefully, "upon my soul, I cannot conjecture where I shall go next!"

Her response was so sympathetic that it tempted him to remain a little longer, and in five minutes she was recounting her own perplexities. It transpired that she was a lady's-maid with a holiday, and the problem before her was whether to spend her money on a theatre or on a ball.

"Now that is a question which is disposed of

"Wandering on the Grands Boulevards with a thirst that could have consumed a brewery"

DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

instantly," said Tricotrin. "You shall spend your money on a theatre, and go to a ball as well." And out fluttered the pink pass presented to him by Lajeunie.

The girl's tongue was as lively as her gratitude. She was, she told him, maid to the famous Colette Aubray, who had gone unattended that afternoon to visit the owner of a villa in the country, where she would stay until the next day but one. "So you see, monsieur, we poor servants are left alone in the flat to amuse ourselves as best we can!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" ejaculated Tricotrin, and added mentally, "It was decidedly the finger of Providence that pointed to this bench!"

He proceeded to pay the young woman such ardent attentions that she assumed he meant to accompany her to the ball, and her disappointment was extreme when he had to own that the state of his finances forbade it. "All I can suggest, my dear Léonie," he concluded, "is that I shall be your escort when you leave. It is abominable that you must have other partners in the meantime, but I feel that you will be constant to me in your thoughts. I shall have much to tell you—I shall whisper a secret in your ear; for, incredible as it may sound, my sweet child, you alone in Paris have the power to save me."

"Oh, monsieur," faltered the admiring lady's-maid, "it has always been my great ambition to save a young man, especially a young man who used such lovely language. I am sure, by the way you talk, that you must be a poet!"

"Extraordinary," mused Tricotrin, "that all the world recognises me as a poet, excepting when it reads my poetry!" And this led him to reflect that he must sell some of it, in order to provide refreshment for Léonie before he begged her aid. Accordingly, he arranged to meet her when the ball finished, and limped back to the attic, where he made up a choice assortment of his wares.

He had resolved to try the office of *Le Demi-Mot*, but his reception there was cold. "You should not presume on our good nature," demurred the editor; "only last month we had an article on you, saying you were highly talented, and now you ask us to publish your work besides. There must be a limit to such things."

He examined the collection, nevertheless, with a depreciatory countenance, and offered ten francs for three of the finest specimens. "From *Le Demi-Mot* I would counsel you to accept such low terms," he said, with engaging interest, "on account of the prestige you derive from appearing in it."

"In truth it is a noble thing, prestige," admitted Tricotrin; "but, monsieur, I have never known a man able to make a meal of it when he was starving, or to warm himself before it when he was without a fire. Still—though it is a jumble-sale price—let them go!"

"Payment will be made in due course," said the editor, and became immersed in correspondence.

Tricotrin paled to the lips, and the next five minutes were terrible; indeed, he did not doubt that he would have to limp elsewhere. At last he cried, "Well, let us say seven francs, cash. Seven francs in the hand are worth ten in due course." And thus the bargain was concluded.

"It was well for Hercules that none of his labours was the extraction of payment from an editor!" panted the poet on the doorstep. But he was now enabled to fête the lady's-maid in grand style, and—not to be outdone in generosity—she placed Mdlle. Aubray's flat at his disposal directly he asked for it.

"You have accomplished a miracle!" averred Pitou, in the small hours, when he heard the news.

Tricotrin waved a careless gesture. "To a man of resource, all things are possible," he murmured.

The next evening the silk manufacturer was warmly embraced on the platform, and not a little surprised to learn that his nephew expected a visit at once. However, the young man's consternation was so profound when objections were made, that, in the end, they were withdrawn. Tricotrin directed the driver after Monsieur Rigaud was in the cab, and, on their reaching the courtyard, there was Léonie, all frills, ready to carry the handbag.

"Your servant?" inquired Monsieur Rigaud, with some disapproval, as they went upstairs; "she is rather fancifully dressed, *hein?*"

"Is it so?" answered Tricotrin. "Perhaps a bachelor is not sufficiently observant in these matters. Still she is an attentive domestic. Take off your things, my dear uncle, and make yourself at home. What joy it gives me to see you here!"

"*Mon Dieu,*" exclaimed the silk manufacturer, looking about him, "you have a place fit for a prince! It must have cost a pretty penny."

"Between ourselves," said Tricotrin, "I often reproach myself for what I spent on it; I could make very good use to-day of some of the money I squandered."

"What curtains!" murmured Monsieur Rigaud, fingering the silk, enraptured. "The quality is superb! What may they have charged you for these curtains?"

"It was years ago—upon my word I do not remember," drawled Tricotrin, who had no idea whether he ought to say five hundred francs, or five thousand. Also, you must not think I have bought everything you see—many of the pictures and bronzes are presents from admirers of my work. It is gratifying, *hein?*"

"I—I—— To confess the truth, we had not heard of your triumphs," admitted Monsieur Rigaud; "I did not dream your were so successful."

"Ah, it is in a very modest way," Tricotrin replied. "I am not a millionaire, I assure you! On the contrary, it is often difficult to make both ends meet—although," he added precipitately, "I live with the utmost economy, my uncle! the days of my thoughtlessness are past. A man should save, a man should provide for the future!"

At this moment he was astonished to see Léonie open the door and announce that dinner was served. She had been even better than her word.

"Dinner?" cried Monsieur Rigaud. "Ah, now I understand why you were so dejected when I would not come!"

"Bah, it will be a very simple meal," said his nephew, "but after a journey one must eat. Let us go in." He was turning the wrong way, but Léonie's eye saved him.

"Come," he proceeded, taking his seat, "some soup—some good soup! What will you drink, my uncle?"

"On the sideboard I see champagne," chuckled Monsieur Rigaud; "you treat the old man well, you rogue!"

"Hah," said Tricotrin, who had not observed it,

(*Continued on page 34*)

OVERHEARD AT EARL'S COURT

A SMALL ALLOWANCE

THOMAS ATKINS (*to companion*): "Say, 'Erbert, there ain't much beef in that sandwich, is there?"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

(Continued from page 32)

"the cellar, I own, is an extravagance of mine! Alone, I drink only Rosbach, or a little weak claret and water; but to my dearest friends I must give the dearest wines. Léonie, champagne!"

It was a capital dinner, and the cigars and cigarettes that Léonie put on the table with the coffee were of the highest excellence. Agreeable conversation whiled away some hours, and Tricotrin began to look for his uncle to get up, but it was raining smartly, and Monsieur Rigaud was reluctant to bestir himself. Another hour lagged by, and at last Tricotrin faltered:

"I fear I must beg you to excuse me for leaving you, my uncle; it is most annoying, but I am compelled to go out. The fact is, I have consented to collaborate with Capus, and he is so eccentric, this dear Alfred—we shall be at work all night."

"Go, my good Gustave," said his uncle readily; "and, as I am very tired, if you have no objection, I will occupy your bed."

Tricotrin's jaw dropped, and it was by a supreme effort that he stammered how pleased the arrangement would make him. To intensify the fix, Léonie and the cook had disappeared—doubtless to the *mansarde* in which they slept—and he was left to cope with the catastrophe alone. However, having switched on the lights, he conducted the elderly gentleman to an enticing apartment. He wished him an affectionate "good night," and after promising to wake him early, made for home, leaving the manufacturer sleepily surveying the room's imperial luxury.

"What magnificence!" soliloquised Monsieur Rigaud. "What toilet articles!" He got into bed. "What a coverlet—there must be twenty thousand francs on top of me!"

He had not slumbered under them long when he was aroused by such a commotion that he feared for the action of his heart. Blinking in the glare, he perceived Léonie, in scanty attire, distracted on her knees—and, by the bedside, a beautiful lady in a travelling cloak, raging with the air of a lioness.

"Go away!" quavered the manufacturer. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

"Intrusion?" raved the lady. "That is what you will explain, monsieur! How comes it that you are in my bed?"

"Yours?" ejaculated Monsieur Rigaud. "What is it you say? You are making a grave error for which you will apologise, madame."

"Oh, hold me back," pleaded the lady, throwing up her eyes, "hold me back, or I shall assault him!" She flung to Léonie. "Wretched girl, you shall pay for this! Not content with lavishing my champagne and my friend's cigars on your lover, you must put him to recuperate in my room!"

"Oh!" gasped the manufacturer, and hid his head under the priceless coverlet. "Such an imputation is unpardonable," he roared, reappearing. "I am Monsieur Rigaud, of Lyons; I am in the flat of my nephew, Monsieur Tricotrin; I request you to retire!"

"Imbecile!" screamed the lady; "you are in the flat of *me*—Colette Aubray. And your presence may ruin me—I expect a visitor on most important business. He has not my self-control; if he finds you here he will most certainly send you a challenge. He is the best swordsman in Paris! I advise you to believe me, for you have just five minutes to save your life!"

"Monsieur," wailed Léonie, "you have been deceived!" And, between her sobs, she confessed the circumstances, which he heard with the greatest difficulty, owing to the chattering of his teeth.

The rain was descending in cataracts when Monsieur Rigaud got outside, but though the cars and the Métropolitain had both stopped running, and cabs were as dear as radium, his fury was so tempestuous that nothing could deter him from reaching the poet's real abode. His attack on the front door warned Tricotrin and Pitou what had happened, and they raised themselves blanched from their pillows, to receive his curses. It was impossible to reason with him, and he launched the most frightful denunciations at his nephew for an hour, when the abatement of the downpour permitted him to depart. More! At noon, who should arrive but Léonie in tears! She had been dismissed from her employment, and came to beg the poet to intercede for her.

"What calamities!" groaned Tricotrin. "How fruitless are man's noblest endeavours without the favouring breeze! I shall drown myself at eight o'clock However, I will readily plead for you first, if your mistress will receive me."

By the maid's advice, he presented himself late in the day, and when he had cooled his heels in the salon for some time, a lady entered, who was of such ravishing appearance that his head swam.

"Monsieur Tricotrin?" she inquired haughtily. "I have heard your name from your uncle, monsieur. Are you here to visit my servant?"

"Mademoiselle," he faltered, "I am here to throw myself on your mercy. At eight o'clock I have decided to commit suicide, for I am ruined. The only hope left me is to win your pardon before I die."

"I suppose your uncle has disowned you?" she said. "Naturally! It was a pretty situation to put him in! How would you care to be in it yourself?"

"Alas, mademoiselle," sighed Tricotrin, "there are situations to which a poor poet may not aspire!"

After regarding him silently, she exclaimed, "I cannot understand what a boy with eyes like yours saw in Léonie?"

"Merely good nature, and a means to an end, believe me! If you would ease my last moments, reinstate her in your service. Do not let me drown with the knowledge that another is suffering for my fault! Mademoiselle, I entreat you—take her back!"

"And why should I ease your last moments?" she demurred.

"Because I have no right to ask it; because I have no defence for my sin towards you; because you would be justified in trampling on me—and to pardon would be sublime!"

"You are very eloquent for my maid," returned the lady.

He shook his head. "Oh, no—I fear I am pleading for myself. For, if you reinstate the girl, it will prove that you forgive the man—and I want your forgiveness so much!" He fell at her feet.

"Does your engagement for eight o'clock press, monsieur?" murmured the lady, smiling. "If you could dine here again to-night, I might relent by degrees."

. . . .

"And she is adorable!" he told Pitou. "I passed the most delicious evening of my life!"

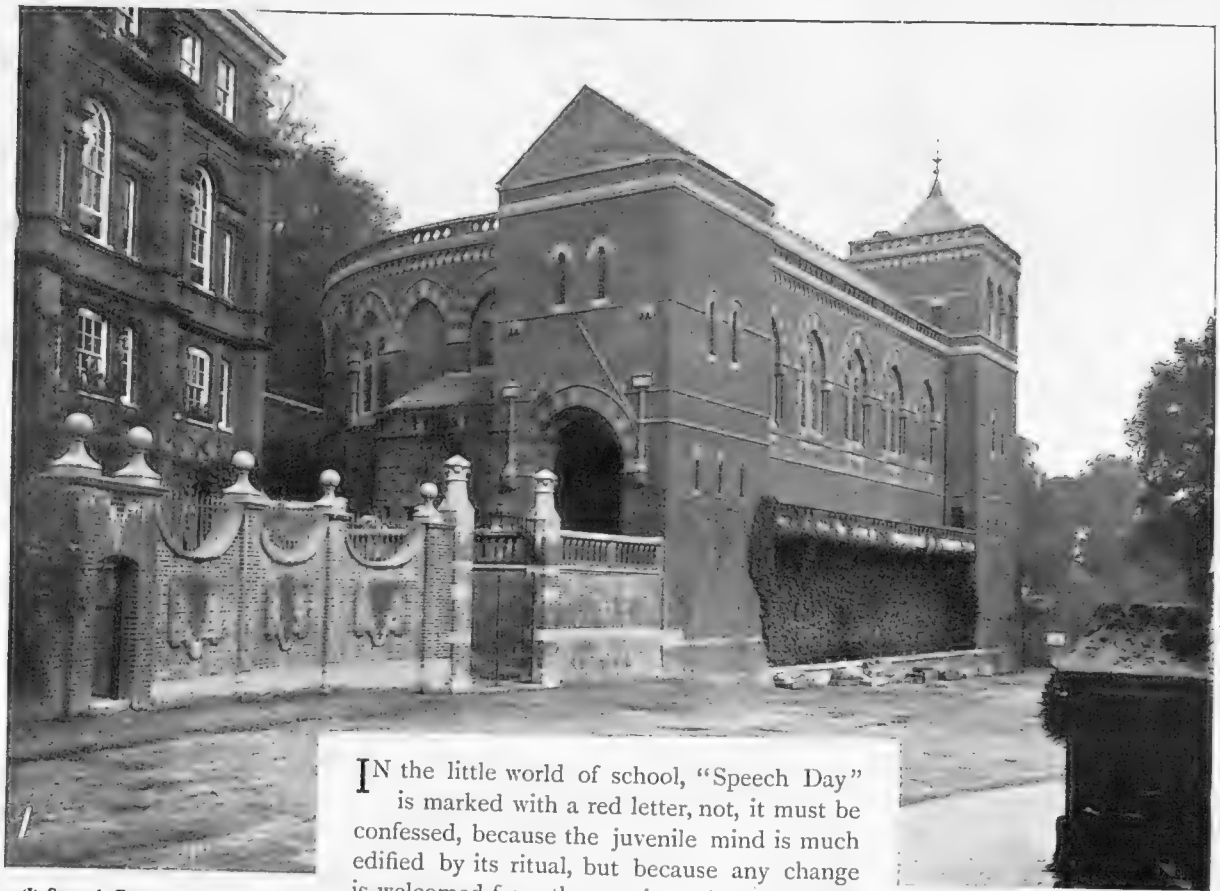
"It is fortunate," observed Pitou, "for that, and your uncle's undying enmity, are all you have obtained by your imposture. Remember that the evening cost two thousand francs a year!"

"Ah, misanthrope," cried Tricotrin radiantly, "there must be a crumpled roseleaf in every Eden!"

LEONARD MERRICK.

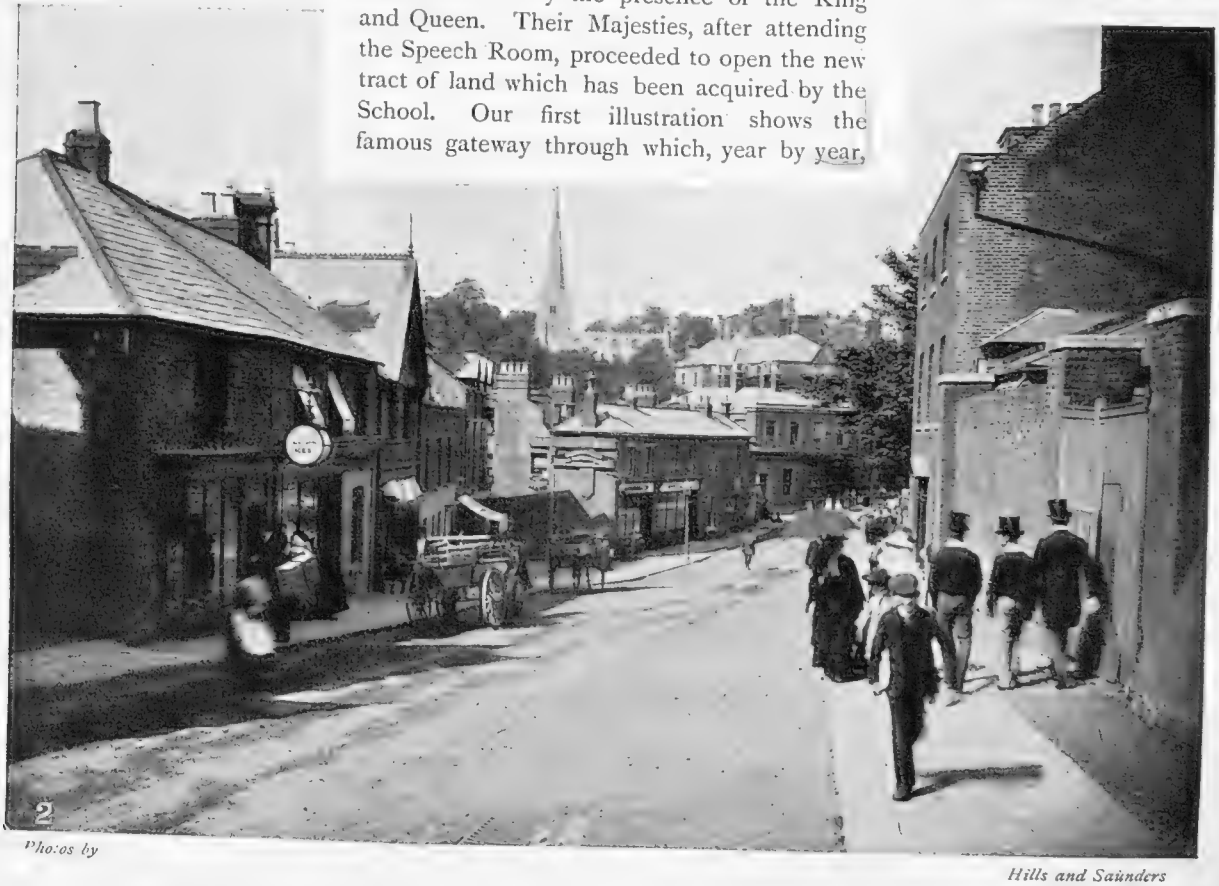
HARROW

VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN ON SPEECH DAY LAST WEEK



(1) Speech Room and the Gate where Old Harrovian celebrities pass through on Speech Day amid the cheers of the School

IN the little world of school, "Speech Day" is marked with a red letter, not, it must be confessed, because the juvenile mind is much edified by its ritual, but because any change is welcomed from the routine of work. Last Friday, the excitement inherent to the occasion was added to by the presence of the King and Queen. Their Majesties, after attending the Speech Room, proceeded to open the new tract of land which has been acquired by the School. Our first illustration shows the famous gateway through which, year by year,



(2) High Street, where some of the noted "tuck" shops are

Photos by *Hills and Saunders*

Harrow: Where the King and Queen

Photo by *Hills and Saunders*

3) Sixth Form Cricket Ground **(4) The Gymnasium**

Old Harrovians who have made their mark in the world pass to renew the scenes of former triumphs and, shall we say, of former tribulations? The "old boy," of whatever public school, is stamped by his habits. He pokes about the old place, spots the least significant alteration in structure, if it be merely the case of a new doorway, and asks innumerable questions. But the mantle of old boy is not easily worn by the unqualified. Etiquette strictly lays down the time which must elapse before a boy may return with the prefix "Old" to his title.

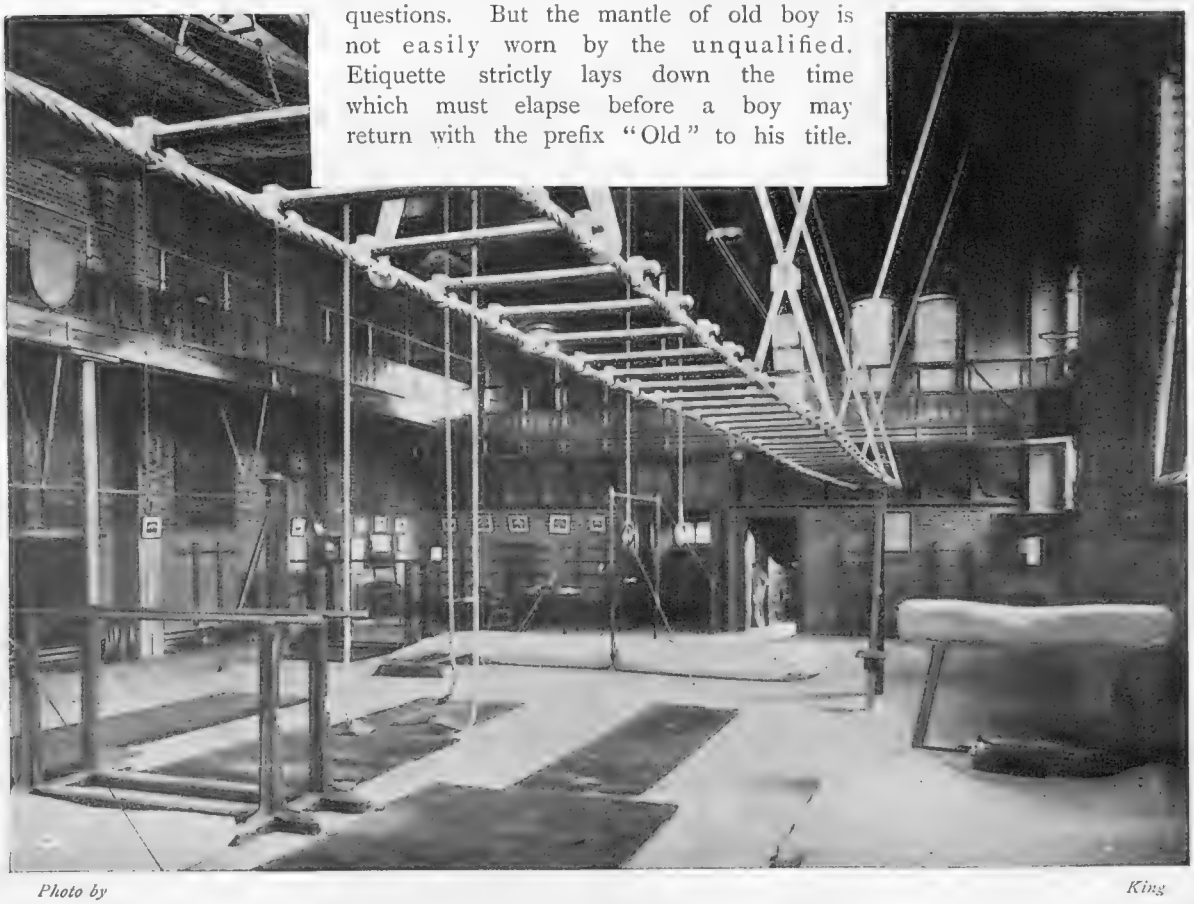


Photo by *King*

Attended Speech Day Last Week

(5) The Old Schools: "Bill" (roll-call) is called at the bottom of the steps

(6) Fourth Form Room: Sacred to the rites of corporal punishment

There is a story of a venturesome youth who returned the next year, and put on airs, to the disgust of his colleagues of the previous year. He was holding forth on the changes which mean so much to the conservative schoolboy. Suddenly the bell rang for tea. The youthful "old boy" started in amazement. "What!" he cried, "do you still have tea at six?" at which piece of effrontery, the rabble of the lower school, who had been dogging his footsteps, set up a derisive yell.

Photos by *Dee*

The Library

One of the most interesting books published with the Nelson Centenary is *Lady Hamilton* (The Library agreeing with Mr. Douglas Sladen, the book, says that "the man who ha- hundred years as the world's gre[at] sa[ilor] was also at the head of the world's letter-writers," one cannot but be sensible of the strong and forceful character displayed by our hero in his domestic affairs, and of the depth of his love for the woman at whom Mrs. Grundy has never ceased to sneer. In these letters one traces the growth of that affection which cost Nelson so dear, though it brought him more happiness than anything else in life. In a letter to the Queen in 1803, Nelson wrote: "I left Lady Hamilton the eighteenth of May; and so attached to your Majesty that I am sure she would lay down her life to preserve yours. Your Majesty never had a more sincere, attached, and real friend than your dear Emma." Writing shortly after to Lady Hamilton concerning his letter to the Queen, he says: "I trust, my dear Emma, she has wrote you. If she can forget Emma, I hope God will forget her!" These letters should be read, and placed on one's bookshelves alongside those of Napoleon to Josephine, and Bismarck's letters to his wife. The volume is very neatly bound in blue cloth, and contains six interesting illustrations.

We have received a copy of Mr. J. Cuming Walters' little volume, *Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood*, in which, with logical ruthlessness, all the false theories and conclusions which have been written around Dickens' unfinished work are swept away, and a new solution tested and tried. According to Mr. Walters, the real mystery is not as to whether Edwin Drood was or was not murdered. This point, he says, Dickens set forth indirectly yet conclusively, and he shows us beyond question Edwin Drood was murdered. The real mystery is: Who was Dick Datchery, the stranger, who makes his appearance in Cloisterham immediately after the disappearance of Drood, and commences to watch John Jasper, the murderer? Mr. Walters' solution of the mystery is that Datchery was a woman in disguise. Who this woman was, and why she was there, is all set forth in his little volume, which makes most fascinating reading. The publishers are Heywood (Manchester), and Chapman and Hall (London), and the price is half a crown.

Among other books the week has brought us has been a good book of travel. Your man of travel nowadays is, in nine cases out of ten, a sportsman, and possesses besides a fund of anecdote with which to intersperse his descriptions of the places he has seen. Consequently, there is a refreshing breeziness and verve about the modern travel book. *Twenty Years in the Far East*, W. S. Percival's posthumous work, is no exception, and its sketches of sport, travel, and adventure, in all sorts of places, from Fenchurch Street to Foochow, are delightfully and vividly told. Mr. Percival's former book, "The Land of the Dragon," which described the author's adventures in China during a sixteen years' residence, met with a great reception, and in the present volume the old charm and power to fascinate is still in evidence. The book is published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall at seven and six.

Books to Order This Week

General Literature

Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton. Introduction by Douglas Sladen. (Library Press: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Life of St. Patrick. By Professor J. B. Bury. (Macmillan: 12*s.* net.)

Twenty Years in the Far East. By W. S. Percival. (Simpkin: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The Business of Advertising. By Clarence Moran. (Methuen: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Fiction

Will Warburton. By George Gissing. (Constable: 6*s.*)

Tom Gerrard. By Louis Becke. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

The Rook's Nest. By G. W. Appleton. (John Long: 6*s.*)

The Missing Elizabeth. By Adeline Sergeant. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

The Valley of Inheritance. By V. Langbridge and C. Harold Bourne. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

French Fiction

Le Moulin du Frau. By Eugene Le Roy. A Powerful Peasant Story. (Hachette: 2*s.* 8*d.*)

ved two posthumous novels, *Will Warburton*, (Constable: 6*s.*), and *The Missing Elizabeth*, t (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*). Hardly to be in the same breath many people will say. However may be, neither of these novels adds to the reputation of author, yet both are worth reading. Gissing is hardly so pessimistic as of old, yet many of his descriptions of London have the old bite. Try this: "The night of London, always rife with mysterious sounds, spoke dreadfully to his straining ear. He heard voices near and far, cries of pain or of misery, shouts savage or bestial; over and through all, that low, far-off rumble or roar, which never for a moment ceases; the groan, as it seemed, of suffering humanity." This book must be put down on this week's library list. Miss Sergeant's book is of the familiar aristocratic-convict-and-family-title-deed order. It is human throughout, and, of course, dramatic in parts, and should be read. Mr. John Long has just published a new novel by Mr. G. W. Appleton. *The Rook's Nest* can be recommended, as Mr. Appleton always writes a good story. Messrs. Methuen have just added three new novels to their Shilling series, all of which will provide excellent reading matter. The titles are: *The Story of Teresa*, by Anne Macdonnell; *The Two Marys*, by Mrs. Oliphant; and *Both Sides of the Veil*, by Richard Marsh.

Mr. Louis Becke has just given us another story of Australian life, *Tom Gerrard* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*), the reading of which is a mad gallop from cover to cover. This sort of book makes the City man, as well as the poor toiler in a Fleet Street den, curse the fate which kept him from an open-air life. Tom Gerrard is a good sort, and does not do badly, so far as adventures go, when one considers that, besides losing nearly all his fortune, he fights an alligator in a turbid, swollen stream; is shot at from behind a rock by four ruffians; and has his face laid open from temple to chin by a cowardly cut from a whip. Yet, in spite of these attacks on his fortune and his figure, he emerges with another fortune, and marries Kate Fraser—as charming a girl as you shall find anywhere on Mudie's shelves.

Messrs. Routledge have just added to their Library of Historical and Standard Literature *The Philosophical Works of Bacon*, reprinted from the texts and translations, with the notes and the prefaces of Spedding and Ellis. The present edition, which is edited by Mr. J. M. Robertson, is a large, well-printed volume of some 950 pages, and at first glance looks like a guinea volume, in its covering of dark-green buckram, gilt top, and morocco label. Yet the price for this, as for the excellent editions of the *Diaries* of *Evelyn* and *Pepys*, and *Buckle's History of Civilisation*, all of which are published in the same series, is only five shillings. Another series of books published by the same firm is the "Library of Early Novelists." In this, works which have been out of print for many years—works like *John Buncle; The Heptameron of Margaret, Queen of Navarre; Boccacio's Decameron*, etc., have been re-edited, carefully collated with trustworthy texts, and published at the low price of six shillings—merely the price of a bookstall novel. Messrs. Routledge are doing all good booklovers a service, in "discovering" these more than half-forgotten romances. G. F. J.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Has the Literary Standard Gone Up?

At times, when one is rea[d]ing some old book which had great success when it fir[st] appeared, this is a question that presents itself to the critical mind. Indeed, it seems to me that it would be no very difficult matter—and an exercise most pleasant to our self-respect—to prove by illustration that a hundred years ago, or even less, it was vastly an easier affair to achieve literary fame than it is to-day; that many writers of the most ordinary parts made successes in those days, who, in our own time, if no better furnished, would have won no fame, and barely sufficient money to pay for their postage stamps! I am particularly struck with the downright poverty of James and Horace Smith, in contrast with the splendid powers of Mr. Owen Seaman. It is many a year since I first read "Rejected Addresses," and I had very effectually forgotten them when, the other day, in a bookstall hunt, I picked up Murray's first edition of that celebrated work, which, turned out in a few weeks, brought its authors fame and well over a thousand pounds. I read it through with great care, and I am fully persuaded that it does not contain a single parody worthy to be placed alongside of any of Mr. Seaman's at his best, while one could name at least six living writers of verse who have done far better than anything in "Rejected Addresses," and many more who could do quite as well. At the same shop I bought an early copy of Thomas Moore's "Two Penny Post Bag," which I had never read before, and, allowing for the disadvantage of not understanding its abundance of topical allusions, I confess I have never seen a more melancholy effort at satire. Yet Moore had a considerable success with the book. These may not be telling examples, nor good witnesses for my case, that a higher standard of merit is required of an author now than formerly, and I do not advance them as such; but they are the latest instances in my mind, and are not without interest. One curious point in regard to "Rejected Addresses" I must not omit to note. In [e]dition [th]at [w]as [p]ublished [i]mitating notes to Murray's following is appended to an allusion to [W]hitbread's Entire":—

Mr. Whitbread—it need hardly be added for the present generation of London—was a celebrated brewer. Fifty years hence, and the allusion in the text may require a note which, perhaps, even now, is scarcely out of place.

Alas, the vanity of the poet! It is now more than fifty years since that was written, and I have a shrewd suspicion that there are thousands more familiar to-day with the name of Whitbread than with those of James and Horace Smith, or their "Rejected Addresses."

Photo by *Kate Pragnel.*

Mrs. Oscar Beringer

The well-known writer of plays and novels, who has recently finished a four-act comedy and two one-act plays

Mrs. Oscar Beringer

In my gossip last week I mentioned the publication, in book form, of the more important contributions to the *Daily Graphic's* recent symposium on the simple life. One of the letters which I read with most approval was that of Mrs. Oscar Beringer, who wrote with excellent good sense and feeling, as one might have expected of so keenly intelligent and variously accomplished a writer. Mrs. Beringer is of the smaller company of Society ladies who are brilliant, but not merely superficial, and of those who have lived much in the public eye without losing one jot of their essential womanliness. You have only to glance at her photograph to realise that this is a woman of parts; there is cleverness and strongly marked character in every feature of her face: an artist's face. Although born and brought to girlhood in the United States, her parents were English, her father having been a Captain in the King's Own, and she has never been back to America since her coming to England as a girl of fifteen, when the family returned home; but she has retained many of the characteristics which the freedom of her early days "out West" no doubt engendered: self-reliance, the absence of all affectation, liberal-mindedness. Married at the early age of eighteen to Mr. Oscar Beringer, the composer, she became the mother

of five children before she turned her thoughts to writing. Her success has been chiefly in the one-act play, the technique of which she has thoroughly mastered, *A Bit of Old Chelsea*, which had a remarkable run in Boston, being, perhaps, the most notable of her many dramatic pieces of this class. Quite recently I saw it stated that she had just completed a four-act comedy and two one-act plays. Sixteen years ago she was, for a time, her own manager, and her daughter Esme's first important rôle was in Mrs. Beringer's *Prince and Pauper*, at the Gaiety, in 1890, though she had the year before followed her sister Vera in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Mrs. Beringer has written several clever novels, and many short stories, one of her books being the witty "Man—Through a Woman's Lorgnette."

Reviewing Without Reading

It was Lady Florence Dixie, I think, who recently added her voice to those of Miss Corelli and "Rita" in protesting against reviewers who criticise books without first taking the trouble of reading them. I do not believe that any responsible critic is ever guilty of this sin—if sin it be—and I consider that when it is committed it is to the advantage of the book, as the reviewer who writes of what he has not read is far more likely to pass some commonplace compliment than to venture an adverse criticism. But I am reminded of the matter by noting that a book, entitled "Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton," has just been issued in America and England by the Putnams. For Hutton furnishes the only instance I can call to mind of a critic of any note being caught *in flagrante delicto*. It was eight years ago that he wrote an article in an American magazine, in which he had occasion to discuss Mr. Meredith's wonderful story of the amazing adventures of Shibli Bagarag, "The Shaving of Shagpat," and behold his description of the book:—

> This was written when George Meredith was in his twenty-eighth year, and when he was almost entirely unknown. The "Shaving of Shagpat" was his second volume of verse, and it antedated his romance, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," by four or five years.

Clearly, Hutton had never seen the book, and had been misguided as to its nature by George Eliot's having referred to it as "a work of genius, and of poetical genius." It was so long ago as January of 1856 that George Eliot wrote her famous review of "The Shaving of Shagpat," in the *Leade*—long lost in limbo—and it is easy to see how the American critic fell into his mistake, as the review contains so many quotations of poetical passages from the book, that one who had not read the work itself might suppose it to be not only poetical in conception but in form also. I doubt, however, if Hutton had even read the review beyond the phrase he quotes. Admirers of Meredith will know that this most interesting article from the pen of George Eliot is reprinted in Dr. Robertson Nicoll's "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," a valuable but curiously misnamed collection of miscellanea. Not many novelists have been alive fifty years after they published their first novel, and fewer still have found their first novel more popular with the reading public after that period of time than when it originally appeared.

Photo by *Arbus and Barnard*

Mr. Cyril Emra

A young poet, whose first book, "The Love-Song of Tristram and Iseult," has been favourably received

A Young Poet

Rarely am I tempted to look into any of the volumes of "poetry" which Mr. Elliot Stock issues for youthful bardlings with sad superfluous energy, but I have just been reading "The Love-Song of Tristram and Iseult," by Mr. Cyril Emra, and find it above the ordinary level of new verse from unknown hands. Indeed, one might almost say that Mr. Emra is a poet to be encouraged, and that is a most responsible thing for a critic to say of any new singer. He has numerous faults and crudities, but they are all the faults of youth; and under them lie many of the qualities which go to the making of a poet: the sense of colour, feeling for romance, sensuous delight in aspects of nature, melody. It was audacious of him to attempt a love legend from Arthurian romance where one is reminded at every turn of Tennyson, and to use the metre of Scott's poems, aye, and his images too!—

> And watched the westward-waning moon
> In burnished splendour round and large,
> Like some spent warrior's battle-targe,
> Drop down behind the distant marge
> Of shadowy sea and sky.

That is a curious compound of Scott's actual words and Tennyson's word-sense; and such echoes of the great poets occur again and again in Mr. Emra's verses. Yet, on the whole, this is a little book well worthy of a word of praise, and I give its young author greeting.

The Bird Charmer

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY H. L LEWIS

Golf Notes and Notions

St. Andrews Re-visited

Nothing in the way of anticipation can compare, to my way of thinking, with the feeling that comes over me as once more I approach the sacred precincts of St. Andrews. As the train leaves Cupar, I settle myself in a seat on the right-hand side of the carriage, and strain my eyes for that first glimpse of the "auld grey toun" which is caught as the train rounds the bend leading to Leuchars. Yes, there again I see those spires and towers which tell me that I am once more within hailing distance of the Alma Mater of golf. Time was when that blessed sight greeted my eyes more than once in every year, but now, alas, I am *cultor infrequens* at the shrine, and when, a few weeks ago, I was gladdened by the first sight of the view I have been speaking about, the thought of the four years that had sped away since last I played a shot over those lovely links made me feel how remiss I had been in my active worship. Four years in these days of speeding change is quite a long space of time, and many alterations have come about, not only in St. Andrews, but in golf itself.

The "G.O.M." of Golf

When last I battled with the fascinating difficulties of the finest course in the world, the American ball had not yet invaded our shores; dear old Tom still reigned supreme over the links, and the course was changed from right to left from week to week. Now the rubber-cored invention has made St. Andrews gird up her loins and look to the joints of her harness: Hamilton is the custodian of the fortress, and the medal, or right-hand course, is the only one we now play. Happily, the "Grand Old Man" of golf, Nature's finest gentleman, is still to be found either seated at the door of his shop or pacing over his beloved last green, much as I used to find him in the years gone by He is recovering slowly but surely, let us hope, from the grievous illness which shook him sorely during the past winter; but there is the same kindly smile on his face and the same shrewd twinkle lights up his eye as he greets once more the hosts of friends to whom he is the embodiment of all that is best and sweetest in St. Andrews golf. Come with me into the clubhouse, and you shall see the noble portrait by which Sir George Reid has immortalised that fine old face. There from the walls he looks out at us, club in hand, side by side with that beautiful portrait of Whyte-Melville, the father of the novelist, by Sir Francis Grant.

Loved and Lamented Freddy Tait

Facing us as we enter the main room, our attention is at once arrested by the picture of one who is no longer with us, but at mention of whom the heart of every golfer who knew him beats with the ache of sorrowful remembrance. I speak of the loved and lamented Freddy Tait. But, alas, the picture was painted after his death from photographs, and the result is, naturally, not entirely successful. Happily, the generation who knew him need no picture to remind them of the gallant figure which spread laughter and sunshine over the links as he wended his triumphant way round them. Though we have lost him in the flesh, his spirit remains with us, an abiding memory of the buoyant, cheery, lovable soul, whom to know was to love. Come out to the first tee, when the kindly and attentive Robb, and dignified old Taylor, have selected a caddie for us, and shake, in greeting, the mighty paw of Rhadamanthus Greig, the starter, as he sits in his box and sends on their daily golfing journey the countless myriads of golfers who come to taste the joys of St. Andrews golf. We, too, will presently catch the Speaker's eye, and will be told to "carry on." Then off we go for two hours' perfect enjoyment. Whether I play ill or well, the feeling that I am once more footing my way over the classic turf fills me with such exhilaration that I am for the time being above such petty considerations as the details of my play.

Golfing Musings and Memories

As we go round, my caddie points out, with a cheery chuckle, the various new bunkers and the far-back tees which have been added by the Committee and Hamilton for the purpose of preserving from the hands of the ruthless record-breaker the inviolability of the beloved course. As we near the heather hole, a field of cloth of gold bursts upon our view in the shape of a great expanse of glittering gorse. I have never been at St. Andrews in June before, but the links are worth a visit then, if only to see this shimmering sea of golden whins. Presently we come to the short hole, and find stout old Turpie sitting expectant beside his store of drinkables, sheltered by his umbrella, of a size proportionate to its vast owner. Memories come back of an earlier tenant of that spot, old Daw Anderson, who retired later to the ninth hole, and who once, tradition says, stalked his hated rival, knife in hand, like a fat old Red Indian, and, failing to reach Turpie, slashed his gigantic umbrella in impotent rage. Here we pause to drink into our lungs great draughts of that air which exhilarates like champagne, and makes every nerve and muscle of one's body tingle with life. But what pen can do justice to all the happy feelings that crowd in upon the truant who returns to St. Andrews; the meetings with old friends, the tussles with them over the links, the "cracks" with them about old times. No, dear reader, I cannot paint all these delights in their true colours with my unworthy brush. But I can do better: I can advise you to go there and see for yourself how faintly and poorly I have represented the joys of the paradise of golf.

Ernest Lehmann

The 'Varsity Cricket Match at Lords

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS

K. M. Carlisle, Captain of the Oxford Team

The two teams which will play at Lord's this week are said to be hardly "meteoric" in any department of the game. However, Oxford's chance seems to be "fancied"

Photos by] **E. W. Mann, Captain of the Cambridge Team** *[Baker and Dixon*

The Cambridge Captain, who learnt his cricket at Harrow, has the reputation of being a steady, consistent bat, who occasionally bursts forth into brilliancy. Although seven Old Blues will be in the team, Cambridge will have to play hard and well to win

Lawn-Tennis Notes

THE LATE HAROLD SEGERSON MAHONY

AN APPRECIATION, BY H. S. SCRIVENER

At the time of writing, when the news of his sad death is barely twenty-four hours' old, it seems hard to realise that we shall never see Mahony in a court again. To his career as a lawn-tennis player, I do not propose to refer in detail, for I do not believe that there is anyone interested in the game who cannot reconstruct from memory almost as good a general sketch of it as I could hope to give him in the brief space at my command, bearing in mind that it commenced somewhere about half-way through the eighties. But it may, perhaps, be worth recording that although he won the highest honour of all, the English Championship, in 1896, that was not, in his own opinion, the year of his best form. My recollection of the last talk I had with him on the subject—in the course of conversation on a topic of which we both were very fond—the comparative merits of the men of "then" and "now"—he placed his own zenith at the period between 1891 and 1893. I think he was right. And this reminds me that, though nearly everybody knows how he played—and here again, for that very same reason, I shall say nothing of his style, so finished in some respects and so laboured in others—probably only the old stagers, like myself, know how really well he *could* play, not, as it were, by fits and starts, but consistently through a whole season; for of later years he played, as he himself said, as one who was fond of, rather than keen on, the game. But interesting as was his history as a player, there was still more that was admirable in the personality of the man himself. A charming companion wherever, and in whatever company, you met him, he was, perhaps, at his best in a quiet talk with someone to whom the many-sidedness of his character appealed. It was then that one discovered that Mahony was not merely an enthusiast in all matters connected with sport, but a clever man into the bargain, well read, and in many subjects positively learned, with a shrewd insight into human nature, and a happy knack of hitting off a character or a situation with a neat and incisive phrase. Those who have known him, played him, and talked to him, as I have done in the course of a friendship of nearly twenty years' standing, will mourn his loss, not only because he was a prominent figure in the world of sport, but because he was one whose presence invariably served to brighten the lives of those around him.

Photo by *E. E. White*

The late Mr. H. S. Mahony

Who died June 28, 1905, as the result of a cycling accident near Caragh Lake, Co. Kerry

NOTES ON THE CHAMPIONSHIPS

BY G. M. SIMOND

This year's Championship — the twenty-ninth meeting for premier honours—has been by far the most interesting of any, on account of the large entry of American, Colonial, and Foreign players competing, and the interest, so far, has been splendidly sustained. It is a fight for supremacy between the new style of play, as introduced and developed by the American and Australian players, and recommended by P. A. Vaile in his two books on the game, and the old style of play, that the Doherty Brothers have brought to such a state of perfection, and which, to an onlooker, is the acme of ease and grace. We do not want to lose the beauty of the game, which would be the inevitable result if every player adopted the methods now advocated by Mr. Vaile. By all means, let there be players with peculiarities of stroke to vary the monotony of the orthodox game, but to set that up as the standard of what correct play should be, is what, at present, we are not disposed to tolerate for an instant.

The Grip of the Dohertys

The question of grip has also been much discussed. But have not the Dohertys had the finest groundwork, the best advice, and the very best practice during their tennis career, that anyone could possibly have? And have they not turned the knowledge that they have thus acquired to the very best advantage? Experience has taught them—and their reasoning is sound—that the best grip is the one that enables them, with as little change as possible, to deal quickly and effectively with the greatest number of

strokes—forehand and backhand, on the volley, and off the ground. For this very reason, R. F. Doherty's grip (the one most condemned) is as near perfection as possible, for he scarcely shifts his hold for any stroke he makes, and yet his execution of every stroke is second to none for brilliancy, accuracy, and effect. It is a great pity that he so seldom plays in Open Singles, for he is still the finest exponent that the game has yet produced. Our present Champion, H. L. Doherty, though not so brilliant, is as great a master at the game, and from what we have seen so far this year at Wimbledon, he will most probably retain his title. There is only one man capable of lowering his colours, and that man has yet to win the All-Comers. And for this player to beat him, he will have to be playing his very finest game.

The Progress of "S. H."

The player to whom I allude is S. H Smith. This celebrated player has considerably improved in his all-round play since last year, and has not in any way sacrificed his great winning shot, his forehand drive. Not only can he still pound that in, to his opponent's discomfort, with his usual regularity, but he can also make winning shots in other ways. He has acquired a regular overhead smash, which on occasions he utilises instead of his old round-arm sweep, and he can now make a backhand drive down the side-line, as well as his cross-court scoop, which, never a very effective stroke, was regularly intercepted by anyone acquainted with his game. In this way his attack has been greatly strengthened, while his defence is still as sound as ever. But, notwithstanding all this, our present Champion is such a wonderful master at the game, that he will, no doubt, meet all this additional attack with his usual admirable resource, and when he has once checked that attack, he will assume his winning position at the net, and, by his superb volleying and placing, carry the day.

The ladies' play, so far, has not shown the same degree of excellence as it did last year, but the best has, no doubt, not yet been seen, and it remains for the finals to produce some of the finest ladies' play seen since Miss Dod was Lady Champion. Should Miss May Sutton meet Miss D. K. Douglass in the Challenge round, we shall see the latter at her best, for she will play the game of her life to retain the title she so justly holds.

On Saturday, the last of the Americans was beaten in the Singles' Championship by S. H. Smith, so their only hope for Championship honours this year lies in the Doubles, where they undoubtedly have shown to better advantage so far than in the Singles. W. A. Larned gave a most disappointing display in this match, and I cannot believe it to be his true form.

Another match on the Centre Court, which took place prior to the one just mentioned, produced a much better contest, and, though the Champion of Australasia, N. E. Brookes, beat F. L. Riseley by three sets to love, some of the games were excellently fought out, and the tennis was infinitely superior to that seen in the other. It was principally by service and volleying that Brookes gained the majority of his aces, but his ground strokes were also of a severe order, and led up to many of his winning shots at the net.

The last match of the afternoon on the Centre Court was the one between Miss May Sutton and Miss E. W. Thomson, and though the latter looked like winning the first set, as she held a commanding lead, the little American player was not to be denied and, winning game after game, ran out a popular winner by two sets to love. Should she happen to meet Miss Douglass in the Challenge round, I think our Lady Champion will again prove her undoubted right to the title she now holds.

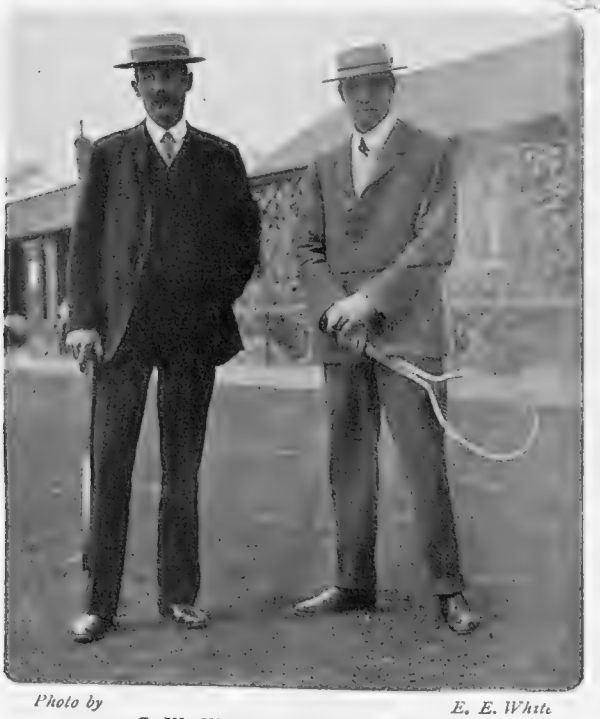


Photo by E. E. White

G. W. Hillyard and A. F. Wilding

Wilding's ding-dong battle with Clothier, resulting in his hair's-breadth victory at 10—8, furnished one of the most sensational events of the tournament

Miss Douglass and Mrs. Hillyard

Everyone was delighted to hear that Miss Douglass would not be prevented by her sprained wrist from defending her title of Champion

THE CONNOISSEUR

THE CHARM OF ANTICIPATION

To the collector there is no such delightful work as the advance catalogue of the sale of a valuable collection of antiques. It is to him what the list of horses, at a favourite race meeting, is to the sportsman, or to-morrow's programme of the Opera to the devout lover of music. It is full to the brim of possibilities, the mere statement, in black and white, relating to an old Chelsea box, or deep *Ming* dish of iridescent colouring, gives freedom to the imagination and a spur to curiosity. A catalogue, well planned to inflame the imagination of the collector, is sent us by Messrs. Whiteley, who are, we apprehend, something of newcomers as auctioneers of the objects that delight the connoisseur. From old masters to old Sheffield plate, from Dresden china to Moresque, the whole gamut is played through.

Morland, Greuze, Constable, etc.

Among the more important artists' works are some half-dozen paintings and sketches by Morland, there is a "Girl" by Greuze, Constables, Wilkies, "Study of a Head" by Angelica Kaufmann, and an "Old Crome" or two; Watteau is represented, among many others, as is also one of his most famous pupils. Indeed, we should not be surprised if the painting by the latter, Lancret, from the collection of Admiral Wynn, proved one of the most attractive features of the four days' sale, which begins on the 10th and ends on the 13th of July.

This, "The Wedding Party," of Lancret, is one of those half idealistic, half naturalistic scenes, so much admired when painted about 1730; a good deal neglected fifty years ago, and now no little praised and sought after. Nicholas Lancret, the gifted pupil of Watteau, had sufficient originality to survive, and his pictures of the gay and irresponsible life of his time are full of distinction and charm :—

> For these were yet the days of halcyon weather—
> A "martin's summer," when the nation swam,
> Aimless and easy as a wayward feather,
> Down the full tide of jest and epigram;—
> A careless time, when France's bluest blood
> Beat to the tune of "After us the Flood."

This particular wedding party in a park is, at all events, pretty and bright enough to form a charming souvenir of a spirit and a *mode* long passed away.

Miniatures and Curios Galore

The Wouverman, of which we also give a small reproduction, shows a piebald horse being shod, the cavalier looking on, a goat-chaise and children on the right. To those who appreciate the master, this characteristic picture will be very welcome. The pictures lead us on to miniatures and curios galore, and so to the china, which promises some interesting Worcester and Crown Derby, and hints at many agreeable little lots of old Swansea, Whieldon, and the like, which are extremely tempting. In regard to Lowestoft, the catalogue has a special note, somewhat to this effect :—

There has been considerable controversy as to the Lowestoft factory; some superficial observers even going so far as to deny that it ever existed. The owner of these pieces, some twenty years ago, took considerable interest in the matter, and a friend of his, Mr. Robert Allen Johnson,

"The Wedding Party," by Lancret

(From the Collection of Old Masters being disposed of by Messrs. Whiteley)

"The Village Farrier," by Wouverman
(*From the Collection of Old Masters being disposed of by Messrs. Whitely*)

grandson of the chief potter at Lowestoft, Robert Allen, who afterwards became manager of the works, having in his possession his grandfather's designs, also specimens of China bearing his name, which threw considerable light upon the matter in dispute. He was introduced to the late Mr. Wm. Chaffers, author of "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain," in the late editions of which well-known work the subject will be found fully treated.

We have only suggested a few of the many varieties of antiques which the catalogue contains, but the view days, on July 7 and 8, at 17, Queen's Road, Bayswater, will tell much more.

E. M.

Our Bridge Competition

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS OF THE THIRTEENTH COMPETITION

THIRTEENTH WEEK—PROBLEMS XXXVII.-XXXIX.

The FIRST PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

Arthur E. Parry, Esq., 25, Woodland Road, New Southgate, N.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, are awarded to:

E. Anthony, Esq., 17, Chandos Street, Hereford.

Miss Derry, 35, Westfield Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by Competitors for solving Problems XXXVII., XXXVIII., XXXIX., in our Quarterly Competition:—

15, Lance Fieldoak, Oltonia, Raniput; 14, Belvedere, Bulbs, Captain Cuttle, Edgbaston, Hereford, P.M.S.; 13, Heathfield, Special Scotch, Swansfield, Togo; 12, Chippie, Dogger, Fen, Gamndin, Student; 11, Hockey II., Horatio, Overbury, Watadam; 10, Alexander, Ap Twm, Blue, Darkie, Hockey, Kirkland I., Kirkland II., Luppy, Not 'Arf, Peter, Polly, Pul, Sackbut, Tarbut, Tylhus, Viking, Willimoteswick, York; 9, Frimley, Joker, Kingsnorth, Lilian, Mugwump, Purley, Ray, Royal, William; 8, Cave, Chalet, Grosvenor, Lucia, Pellon, Pons, Soberton, Wantacas; 7, Chlorodyne, Inglewood, March, Marlborough, Strategy, Trial, Waverley; 6, Badger, Cumtux, Ina I., Kapakowrie, Mammon, Trixie; 5, C. A. M., Eblow, Fantôme, Mendip Lodge, Miles, Primrose, Quib, Spolnud, St. Lawrence, Turquoise, Verne, Whatley, White Cat; 4, Arrah Begorrah, Awapuni, Bis dat qui cito dat, Noxious, Puffin Boy; 3, Bijou, Blockhead, Bridge of Sighs, Dunmarklyn, Ina II.

We have allotted the following *noms de guerre*:—W. H., "William"; Mrs. S., "Inglewood"; L. M. S., "St. Lawrence"; R. R.-G., "Marlborough"; E. M. W., "Marca."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Noxious. Yes.—Bijou. You have been marked.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS XXXVII., XXXVIII., XXXIX.

PROBLEM XXXVII.—No-trumps. It is not only the call of desperation at the score, but it is, on the whole, the safest call. You have three suits guarded, and roughly an average hand. If the dealer left it on nothing, you lose the game anyhow. If he left it on a moderate hand, you may scrape through. If he left it on good black suits, you may go out. It is slightly more likely that your opponents will make the odd in any suit you may declare than in no-trumps against a hand with the cards thus distributed.

PROBLEM XXXVIII.—Hearts. In spite of the score being 16-all, there is no great danger of losing the game. If your partner left it on any strength in the black suits you may go out yourselves; for you give him a choice of two games, either he may ruff two suits, or he may clear the trumps and establish the spades, if he finds himself strong enough to do so.

PROBLEM XXXIX.—Spades. It is an excellent time to play for safety. It is unlikely that your opponents will double spades at the score; and they need three tricks in them to go out. It is most important to save the game, for, if your opponents go out this hand, they have the first deal in the rubber game. The alternative is to call no-trumps, and that is to take far too great a risk on the chance of pulling off the rubber.

The task of judging the winners of the Quarterly Competition has proved too great to announce the results in this issue, owing to the large number of entries. Next week, however, the Prize List will be published, and I shall take the opportunity of fulfilling the deferred promise to discuss the play of the hands.

PROBLEMATICUS.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The Beginning of the End

Though not absolutely of the moment, the end of the season is now, at least, within talkable distance, and, as is customary, the social whirl is concluding in a blast of sale trumpets.

The fanfare commenced on the 3rd ult., though, saving for a few intrepid spirits who, at the earliest whisper of any sale, rise with the lark, with a view to obtaining the earliest bargain worms, things are going calmly at present. Even the most zealous have scarcely caught the fever properly, but every day the stream of anxious seekers after treasures reduced to a vanishing price is on the increase, and, towards the middle of the month, there will, doubtless, ensue the usual unholy scramble, where manners and clothes alike go to pieces.

The sale Hooligan is quite as obvious as the motor and omnibus species. The omnibus Hooligan, by the way, is a fearsome personage, and mostly feminine. She it is who steadies herself by the top rail, with a dangling umbrella in the same hand, and also invariably mounts the stairs to the top with the same implement poking out backwards. Or another of her evil tricks is to firmly occupy the centre of two seats, leaving no room on either side for the unfortunate last passenger bundled in. Then there is the Hooligan who invariably carries a child, several sizes too big, to save the fare; the poor child, whose long, dangling legs are caught this way and that way by the constantly moving stream of passengers, having to endure with silent, childlike philosophy—there is no philosopher like a child, I would observe—the impatient tug back to the parental lap.

But this story is without end, and I was talking about sales, was I not? and recall a particular mission to pass on a few intimate particulars I have gathered as to the clearance now proceeding at

Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Regent and Oxford Streets

To commence with a very little thing. I can, from personal experience, say the best of words for the sale hosiery there. It cannot be surpassed anywhere. Only noted qualities are kept, and the end of each season sees a complete clearance of the surplus stock, during which time pure silk hose, with lace ankles, are to be secured from 4*s.* 11*d.*, and spun silk, in all colours, at 2*s.* 11*d.* Lisle thread commence at 1*s.* the pair, a noted English manufactory turning these out in black, tan, and boot bronze. And I repeat, these are real good bargains; as is also a certain little tea-gown, in accordion-pleated nuns' veiling, with handsome collar of *Broderie Anglaise* and lace and sleeve ruffles, a quantity of lace being also introduced in the skirt, at its sale reduction of 52*s.* 6*d.* I was much struck, too, by the value of a simple morning gown, in various delicately coloured batistes, ornamented with a broad band of coloured embroidery down the front, and edging sleeve frills, at 14*s.* 9*d.* For travelling and holiday wear, nothing nicer could be found, and it has all the appearance of being prepared to wash and wear well. There are no cheap fal-lals about it, you see, for the laundress to disorganise.

A dainty summer blouse

Of *chiné* net, trimmed insertions of fine French lace, and crowds of little Valenciennes lace frills. The shapely little collar below the clear chemisette is of palest pink silk, while the high belt shades from pale to deep pink, and closes up the front with a ladder of *bébé* velvet bows

(*Sketched at Peter Robinson's by K. Pleydell Young*)

For motoring, driving, and summer dust protection generally, and something, moreover, quite out of the ordinary, is found in an alpaca Redingote, the skirt slightly full and banded at the waist, with loose pouching upper part, laid in flat tucks at the shoulder, and completed by effectively braided collar and cuffs. I regard this as a great find, and should have been pleased to have acknowledged its charms at double its sale price of 37*s.* 6*d.* But those who are taken with the description must go at once, as there are only some thirty odd left.

Others, in search of the smart, well-cut black skirt, will find perfectly remarkable value in a *voile* model, elaborately tucked and lined through with *glacé* silk, at 26*s.* 9*d.* That no mistake may be made, for the choice in these ready-made skirts is bewilderingly large, this particular *voile* treasure is entitled "Brighton," and it may also be had in *crème.* Muslin frocks, this season's make and style, perfectly fresh and ready to be stepped into, commence at 39*s.* 6*d.*, while girls on limited dress-

ARCHERY

SOUTHERN COUNTIES CHAMPIONSHIP AT BEDDINGTON

J. H. Bridges
Champion of the South, and winner of Challenge Bowl

Miss Bridges
Championess of the South, and winner of Challenge Brooch

Photos by *Baker and Dixon*

A group of players at Beddington
Miss Eyre-Hussey, Miss Bethel, Miss Aston, Mrs. Pownall, etc.

An Empire coat in cream-coloured mousseline taffeta and Irish lace

(*Sketched by K. Pleydel Young*)

allowances should really hurry up and get a good pick of dressy little evening and fête gowns, many of them Parisian models, that Messrs. Peter Robinson frankly admit they are giving away at three and a half guineas. It is altogether a good sale, an excellent sale, and, all going well, will last the month out.

The Craze for Empire Coats

There is no more covetable possession at the moment than a mousseline taffeta Empire coat, in cream, white, or some delicate colour, relieved by bands of faint coloured embroidery or coarse patterned lace, Irish lace having a great vogue for the particular purpose.

Sometimes variety is wrought by great sleeves of soft lace, Miss Pleydel Young, however, preferring to keep to a simpler style in her sketch, with sleeves *ensuite*, the fulness laid in three deep folds across the top of the arm.

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A Woman's Note Book

It is the fashion at present to declare that we are a bored, *blasé*, cynical race, suffering keenly from the reflection that there is nothing new under the sun, but this is not a fact; to put it plainly, it is nonsense. I was reading an article last week on this subject, from which I obtained the cheerful information that: "People have always been bored, and human nature being what it is, it is safe to predict that they always will be bored." As a matter of fact, it is no more a normal state for man to be bored than it is for him to have a perpetual headache. It is a disease. Of course there are times when, owing to uncongenial circumstances, he feels this wearisome sensation creep over him, just as there are times when, tired with hard work or late hours, he falls asleep over his daily occupations. But when boredom becomes chronic, it is an unnatural condition which demands a tonic for either body or mind, generally for both. It is not only unnatural, but, despite these pessimistic writers, it is also unusual; for we will find, if we take the trouble to look about us, that our fellow-creatures are generally interested, bright and alert. Let us go among any large concourse of people: it is true we shall find drawling voices, and bored expressions, as we may also find the blind, the lame, and other afflicted persons; but the vast majority will be interested, whether it is work or play to which they are giving their attention. Let us go anywhere in London—that vast city of supposed boredom—and among a hundred individuals we shall be able to count the *blasé* specimens of humanity on the fingers of one hand.

With a praiseworthy, if irrelevant, desire to start at the very beginning of things, the writer to whom I am referring asserts that Adam and Eve were bored in the Garden of Eden, else they would never have eaten the apple. I do not pretend to be able to get back so far as to penetrate the motives of our first parents with any great degree of accuracy; but we may all have our theories, and mine on this subject is, that Adam was the founder of a long line of hen-pecked husbands, who did (and still do) as they were told—and suffered for it. As to Eve, everyone knows that *she* was badly attacked by feminine curiosity, a trait which she has bequeathed, almost without exception, to her daughters; and this, far from implying boredom, is a sign of the very opposite state of mind. No, Eve was *too* interested.

But one point in the article, which is undoubtedly true, is the remark that: "Half the boredom in Society is due to the fact that everybody wants to be amused, and only a limited few will take the trouble to contribute themselves to the amusement of others." Not only are people too grasping in their anxiety for amusement, but everyone wants also to talk, and—no one wants to listen. The hostess who could introduce a few professional listeners, or some unselfish persons ready to take up that thankless office, might make her entertainments a brilliant success. Of course, the talkers would not be a bit grateful; they would only note their own extra brilliancy, with perhaps a condescending remark in passing that Mrs. So-and-So was a nice, intelligent, little thing. So, if these listeners were to get any satisfaction from their conduct, they would have to be selected from that small section of humble-minded individuals to whom "virtue is its own reward."

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu

SOME USEFUL RECIPES FOR BREAKFAST DISHES

Dried Haddock and Tomatoes
Savoury Omelette
Grilled Soles

———

A Dainty Way to Cook an Egg

DRIED HADDOCK AND TOMATOES

Soak a dried haddock for four hours, skin it, and take away all bones, and break the fish into flakes. Slice a small onion and two tomatoes, chop up a dessertspoonful of parsley, sprinkle with pepper and salt, and cook in 1 oz. of butter till quite soft, then add the fish, and cook for ten minutes. Dish up on a border of boiled rice.

SAVOURY OMELETTE

Break three eggs into a basin, with a pinch of salt and three dessertspoonfuls of milk, beat them for three minutes, and mix in a small teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and, if liked, a shred of shallot, also minced. Put 1 oz. of butter into a pan and let it brown slightly, pour in the omelette mixture and hold the pan still over a moderate fire for half a minute, then with a knife keep stirring at the edges until the omelette is beginning to set over the whole surface, and is taking colour on the under side, shake round and round until you find the omelette quite loose in the pan and a nice brown, then slide half of it on to a dish, and with a slight jerk turn over the other half, so as to have the omelette a neat oval shape. The omelette must be served the moment it is done.

GRILLED SOLES

Small soles called "slips" are excellent grilled, and are generally to be bought at a reasonable price. Scrape, but do not skin, the soles; dissolve a little butter in a baking tin, pass the white side of the fish through it, season with pepper and salt, and lay the sole, black side downward, in the baking dish, place it under the gas deflector for about a quarter of an hour, when it will be nicely browned. Serve with cut lemon.

A DAINTY WAY TO COOK AN EGG

Take a large saucer, rub it with butter, and place it over a pan of boiling water. Beat an egg lightly with a teaspoonful of milk and a pinch of pepper and salt. Strain into the saucer, cover it, and leave for ten minutes to cook.

N.B.—I trust the above breakfast dishes may be a little help to some of my correspondents who expressed a wish for them, and I hope to continue them in my next week's menu.

EMILIA.

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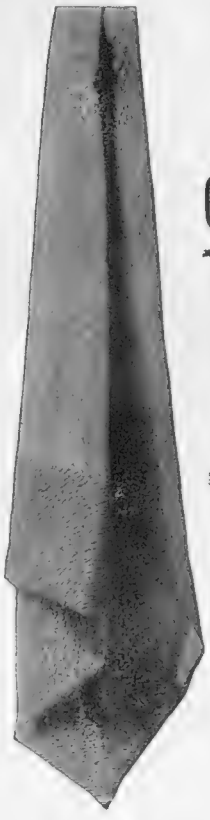

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

The Markyate Case

The sentence of six months' hard labour on Cornalbas, the chauffeur, finally disposes of this unfortunate case. I am probably right in saying that no road accident has ever had such far-reaching effects on motoring as the sad death of this little boy in Markyate village. From the middle of April onwards, motorists generally have had a real bad time at the hands of the police. It seems hard that, for the carelessness of one, prejudice should make the many suffer. It is, I suppose, inevitable, and I think car-owners in general would do well to recognise that this sensationally advertised case has scored a distinct black mark against the automobile movement. Time, care, and extra courtesy from all those who travel the road are needed to counteract the damaging effects of the Markyate fatality.

Wondrick rounding a sharp corner

Owing to Wondrick's fine riding, the International Cup for racing moto-cycles goes to Austria

The Troubles of the Tail Light

Back lamps are a never-ending cause of worry to motorists. Despite all precautions, they have an unhappy knack of going out or dropping off. The driver proceeds in blissful ignorance, passes some wide-awake constable, and trouble follows. The authorities avail themselves gladly of any excuse to bring the motorist into court, and there have been quite a number of unnecessary police cases, accompanied by conviction and ridiculously heavy fines for this absolutely trivial offence.

Fighting Firth Scores an Important Point

Mr. Stapeley Firth, the motorists' champion, successfully defeated the police in a case in which a motor was caught travelling without a back lamp. The facts, briefly, were these: George Kerr, General Sir Hugh McCalmont's chauffeur, was summoned at West London police-court for driving a car without a light at the rear. Travelling from Eton, the General was stopped by a constable near the Albert Hall, who pointed out that there was no lamp at the back of the car. Subsequent inquiries showed that it had dropped off near Slough. Mr. Firth asked the magistrate to deal with the case under the Summary Jurisdiction Act as being "too trivial" for conviction. The magistrate accepted the plea, and dismissed the summons on the ground that the charge was a trivial offence. I congratulate Mr. Stapeley Firth on his success, and hope that not only will other motorists make a note of the plea for future use, but that occupants of the Bench, displaying reasonable commonsense, will regard a similar offence as "trivial."

Waste of Time on the River

The recent Thames Conservancy regulations, with regard to motor-boats, are hardly popular. Except when the lock is crowded, it seems unnecessary to prevent a few boats—say, roughly, half a dozen—from using the same lock, just because one happens to have a petrol engine aboard. As it is, an ordinary lock takes a considerable time, generally a quarter of an hour; it follows that on the favourite reaches, on fine Saturdays and Sundays, this time will be doubled in almost every case. If a motor-boat arrives at a lock and finds but one skiff waiting, it must, nevertheless, wait till the next lock but one. Equally, a punt, canoe, or skiff arriving on the heels of a petrol-launch will be similarly delayed. It sometimes happens that a petrol launch is towing a skiff, and I should like to know what is to happen in this case? Supposing the occupants of the towed boat are all unanimous in wishing to risk their lives by being locked with the launch which is towing them, can the lock-keeper let them in? There are other contingencies, too, for, as I read the regulations, the first boat to

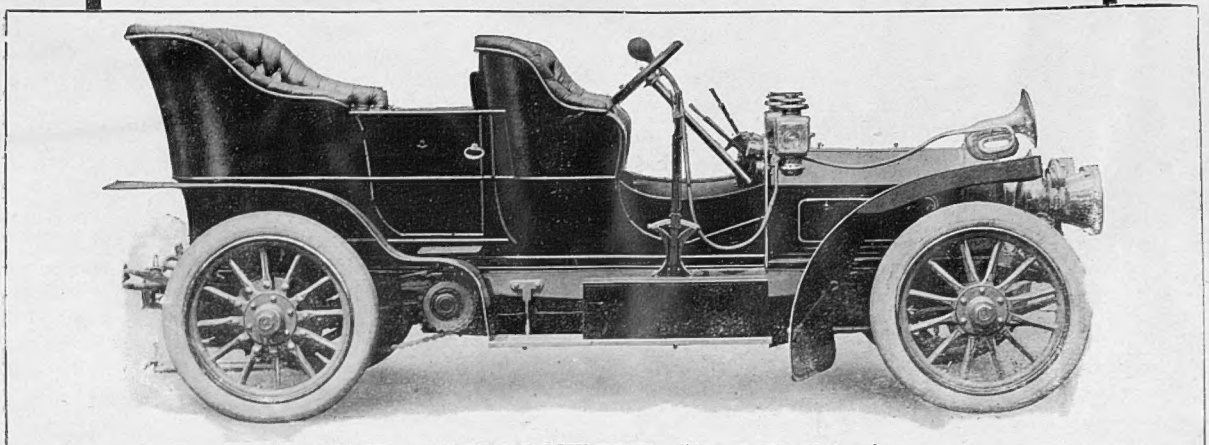
The winner, Wondrick, and his machine

Over the circuit near Dourdan, he averaged 54½ miles per hour

arrive is entitled to the lock. Outside each lock will have to be erected some kind of winning-post, on which, during the busy season, no doubt, will be stationed as judge the lock-keeper's small son or daughter. Exciting finishes should be frequent. Imagine the feelings of a man sculling a family party, in an over-loaded skiff. The day is hot; he is the sole propelling power; a train has to be caught—minutes are of importance. Though struggling hard, he is caught on the post by a bustling, fussy little motor-boat; he loses his lock, and his train. Such an one will not thank the Conservancy for their grandmotherly regard for his safety.

Rochet-Schneider

"The World's Finest Touring Car."



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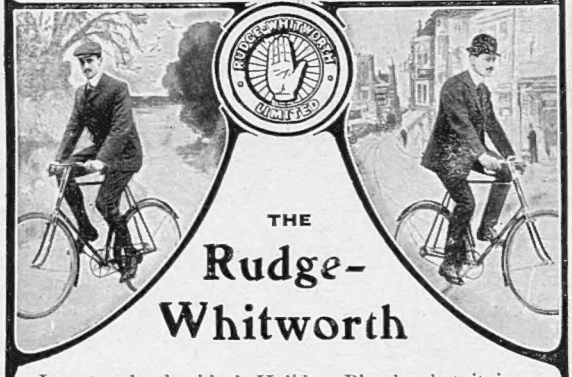

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Will the Conservancy Consider Quickly?

The modern motor-boat is really a safe, reliable craft, and the chance of its catching fire or exploding is very remote. There are possibly instances of careless construction and cheap manufacture—cases in which the makers, to save a few shillings, have fitted petrol tanks that leak; defective petrol pipes, and a happy-go-lucky arrangement that they designate a carburettor. If there are any offending against public safety—personally, I incline to doubt it—they will probably be found amongst the cheap American-built launches fitted with the two-cycle engine, or the few tube-ignited launches still to be seen about. Let us hope that the Conservancy will, in the immediate future, formulate a code of bye-laws, preventing any defects in arrangement or construction, remove the restrictions on the motor-boat, and allow it once more to associate with other up-river craft.

Henley is Here

The annual carnival of boats, as you read these words, is in full swing. July 4, 5, and 6, are the three appointed days, and, granted fine weather, this season's regatta should compare favourably with any of its predecessors. Motorists who travel Henley way on one of these three days may like to know that convenient accommodation is provided for their cars in Phyllis Court. Opposite the winning pos, its shady lawns undoubtedly offer the best vantage point from which to view the racing. To thoroughly appreciate rest, one must watch others working. To loll in a comfortable chair, and to see the mob of boats go past, is the real way to enjoy Royal Henley. The canoodling canoe, the dawdling dinghy, the pushful punt, the strenuous skiff, all rightly have their enthusiastic occupants. The efforts of those who propel them, and the pretty girls who grace them, constitute the regatta, the racing, to the majority, being quite a secondary consideration. Thanks to the booms, the eights, with their accompanying launches, interfere but little with the day's enjoyment. Many of us, especially motorists, tend towards laziness on a hot day at Henley. To those, who, like myself, are not over keen to be part of the performance, let me suggest a comfortable seat on the front of Phyllis Court.

Slow Movement Suits the Summer

I recommend moderate speeds everywhere, even those who have just bought a forty-mile-an-hour four-cylinder dust-storm should remember that *things* are distinctly warm in the country at present, so——

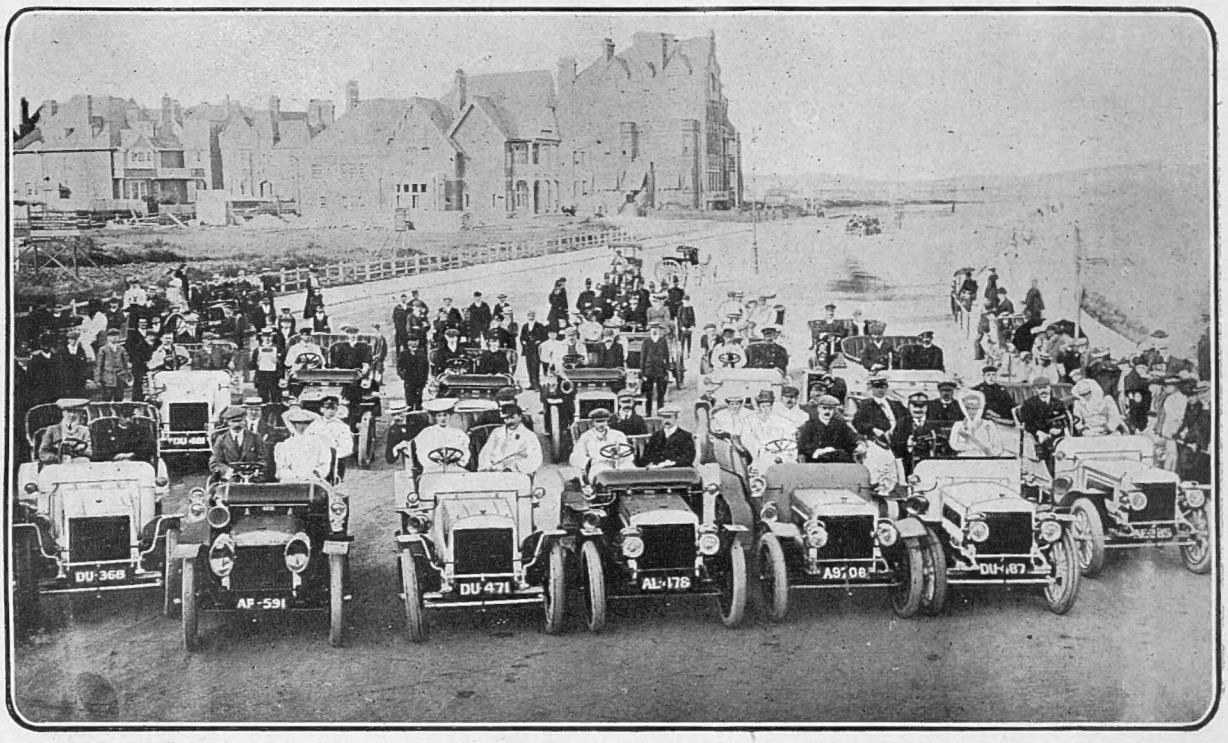


Photo by *Argent Archer*

A recent meet of Daimler cars at Bexhill

The way the 1905 models from this popular Coventry firm take their hills is a revelation

SLIP SLOWLY

Through Colnbrook (Bath road).
Through Slough.
Through Burnham (just after Slough, possibly examination of licenses, as well as a trap).
In the neighbourhood of Wirral.
Through Hooton, on the Chester road.
Near Bramborough Pool, Lane End.
Along the fair mile, Cobham (Sergeant Lucas is continually moving his trap).
Between Hoyland Common and Wentworth station (on the Barnsley-Sheffield road).
Between Polhill and Dunton Green.
Past Ightham, between Gravesend and Tonbridge.
Between Tonbridge and Sevenoaks.
Between Sevenoaks and Westerham (these last four show how dangerous the London-Sevenoaks road is).
Past Bush Hill, leaving Enfield Town for London.
Down Stokenchurch Hill, between High Wycombe and Oxford.

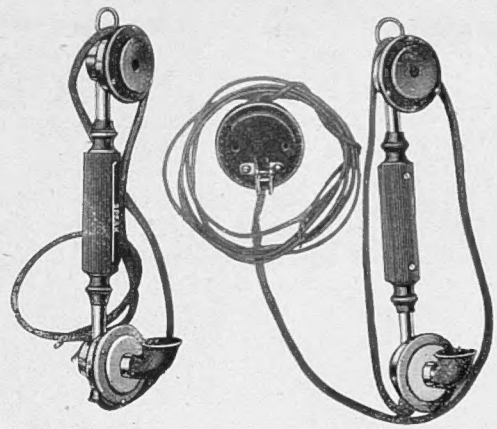
Alfred C. Hunter.

COMFORTABLE HOMES

Despite all that has been said in recent years of the decadence of home life, homes still exist, and life is lived within them even in "these degenerate days." Now, whether it be or be not true that "home life" is on the wane, it is certainly true that many of the homes in our country are becoming more and more attractive as dwelling places, consequent upon the introduction of modern conveniences. Undoubtedly, electricity has been an important factor in bringing about this improvement, and when we think of the advantages of electric light, electric cooking, electric heating, electric bells, and electric telephones (to name a few only), we cannot help but wonder how our forbears did without them. What decorative effect we should miss if we had no tiny electric lamps to introduce into the midst of the table flowers, what amusement we should lose if we had no imitation roses which visibly brighten under the gaze of our friends (when the switch is pressed), and what discomfort we should suffer had we still to find matches before we could procure a light. The electric stoves or radiators by which our rooms are warmed need the attention of no servants, and, to our increased comfort, our rooms are less frequently invaded than when it is necessary to have the fire made up.

Domestic Telephones

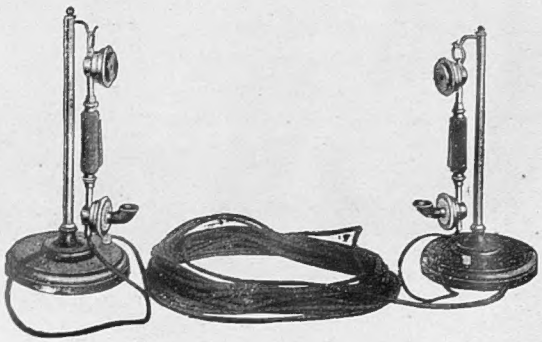
Electric bells have been mentioned, and have played their part in the past, but are now being superseded by the domestic telephone. One's acquaintance with telephones is very limited, perhaps confined to the instrument in the hall or office; and one is apt to think of telephones as large and bulky instruments, quite unsuited for domestic uses. But, of late years, special telephones have been made that can be attached to existing electric bells, needing no new wires, pushes, or batteries. They may be purchased for a few shillings, and are, moreover, exceedingly handsome in design, being not unsightly in the most delicately furnished boudoir or drawing-room. Some patterns possess certain advantages, and the S.D. instruments, supplied by the Electric and Ordnance Accessories Co., Ltd., Stellite Works, Birmingham, are among the very best.



A.—Room End. B.—Kitchen End.

Useful and Neat

Certainly, with instruments such as these installed in one's house, one is able to give the servants their instructions without leaving one's easy chair and also without taking the servants from their work. Moreover, when the stairclimbing is so much reduced, one's servants are so much happier and give better service. Indeed, if people only realised the enormous advantages of having telephones in their houses, and if they realised the extra comfort from this source alone, they would hasten to get the instruments installed. It is worth remembering that this can be done without damage to the decoration of the walls and, except in the kitchen, no screws or nails need be used. There are other ways, too, in which the new domestic telephones can be made to serve us. Apart from being able to communicate from the house to the stables, lodge, farms, etc., keeping only within the house, one finds a great use for a portable telephone set. As in the past, a portable electric bell set has been made use of for invalids and to fill other temporary needs, so now a portable telephone set is being used, but with much greater comfort, economy of time, and so on. The care of an invalid becomes much less irksome if he may telephone his needs, and so save much of the otherwise necessary running about.



Tea on the Lawn

One may take tea on the lawn with an instrument beside one and telephone one's requirements to the cook in much less time than is required to send a servant with a message. Besides, a telephone brings a home up to date.

Help to Amuse Baby

It will also appeal to some as an advantage to have the night nursery in communication with the bedroom or boudoir, and such scenes as that shown below might be realised. Baby would certainly like it, and go to bed happy and contented.

If our readers are sufficiently interested to go further into the matter, they cannot do better than write to the Electric and Ordnance Accessories Co., Ltd., Stellite Works, Birmingham, for one of their well-printed and useful catalogues. The information is clearly set forth without technical complications, and the Company most willingly answers any questions on points not perfectly plain in the catalogue. [Advt.

"GOOD NIGHT"—BABY ENJOYING HIMSELF

THE EDITOR'S BOX

London and North Western Summer Train Arrangements

Numerous and important additions and improvements in the train service on the London and North Western Railway are announced for the summer months, conspicuous among them being additional Corridor Trains, with luncheon and refreshment cars, as well as Sleeping Saloon Expresses between Euston, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and the North, in both directions, and accelerated Train and Boat Services between Ireland and England, *viâ* Holyhead.

Additional Express Trains, with corridor, luncheon, and dining cars, will also be established between Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, and Scotland and Ireland.

New Express Trains for tourists and families will be run from Euston, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, to North and Central Wales, the Cambrian Line, Blackpool, Morecambe, and the English Lake District.

A notable feature in the London and North Western Company's arrangements for the summer will be the running of further through train services to and from the Southern Railway Companies' systems. In addition to the Through Express now running between the London and North Western Line and Brighton and Eastbourne, there will be direct through communication with Dover, Folkestone, Southampton, and Bournemouth, through carriages being run from and to Liverpool, *viâ* Willesden Junction.

Mr. G. B. Shaw on Sunday Lectures

In an attractive illustrated booklet, the Imperial News Agency afford an excellent idea of the position they have attained as lecture agents. Extracts are given from lectures by, among a host of others, Canon Rawnsley, and Messrs. Arthur W. à Beckett, Douglas Strong, the well-known war correspondent, James Douglas Francis Gribble, H. W. Lucy. On the subject of the lecture as a Sunday institution, Mr. G. B. Shaw, in the course of an illustrated interview, says: "A poor, good man is put into a pulpit and expected to deliver two good sermons every Sunday, year in, year out. Now that is a rank impossibility. St. Paul himself couldn't have done it, and it is small wonder that the lecture is growing in favour as a Sunday institution. The Church does not provide all that is required of it in these days of free education and more advanced thought. The ethical societies are endeavouring to do this, and as a result are rapidly increasing in numbers all over the country. They are coming into conflict with the Church, and the Church must either wake up or sink into a mere bonnet show with no hold upon the people Here lies the germ of a very wide question, and I suggest it to you as worthy of notice."

"North" to "South" by Great Northern Route

We have received from the G.N.R. office a number of useful little holiday handbooks. Thus there is a "Golfer's Guide," a guide to the "Yorkshire Coast and Spas," "Holiday Resorts in North-East England," and a valuable "Guide to Seaside and Country Lodgings." All these may be obtained on application by letter to the G.N.R. Manager, King's Cross Station.

The Great Northern Railway announce that they have arranged with the London and South Western Company for a new through service with the South Coast. A new train is to leave King's Cross in connection with the 8 a.m. train from Newcastle, 10.15 a.m. from Leeds, 10.10 a.m. from Bradford, 9.45 a.m. from Hull, 10.10 a.m. from Harrogate, and trains from numerous other stations in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Midlands, and reaches Southampton at 4.56 p.m., Bournemouth at 5.40 p.m., and Weymouth at 6.52 p.m., with connections to the New Forest, Isle of Wight, Swanage and district. Passengers arriving in London by the Great Northern Railway main line trains will, therefore, be able to join this new train without change of platform, and thus avoid the trouble and expense of crossing London. The return train, leaving Weymouth at 9.55 a.m., Bournemouth at 11 a.m., and Southampton at 11.47 a.m., is not less conveniently arranged for connection at King's Cross with the fast trains to the North.

A Garden Manual

We have received from Messrs. Kelway, of Langport, Somersetshire, the well-known horticulturists, who have made their name famous as the growers of such delightful old-world garden plants as delphiniums, pæonies, and gladiolis, their new "Manual of Horticulture for 1905." This book contains information concerning every garden plant that the person of taste could desire to have in a garden, and this has been gathered by skilled specialists, and set forth with the greatest care. Anybody who has travelled the road from Taunton to Somerton will remember that, after crossing the River Parret and passing through the old-world towns of Langport and Huish Episcopi, one comes to the delightful gardens of Messrs. Kelway, with their acres and acres of choice plants. Up to the present time, 165 medals have been taken by this firm, including a Gold Medal for their magnificent show of old-fashioned annual and herbaceous flowers at the St. Louis Exposition last year. A speciality of Messrs. Kelway's is the Pyrethrum, which they brought before the notice of the great B.P., taking London by storm with a large exhibit of these plants in 1881 at South Kensington. If you have the least interest at all in gardening you will be more than interested in this excellent manual, which is printed on glazed paper and beautifully illustrated.

Health Resorts Development Association

We have received copies of the booklets published by the Town Councils of Deal, Eastbourne, Leamington, and Southwold. With approaching holidays in view, it may interest our readers to know that any of these booklets will be sent free, if a post-card request is sent to the Town Clerks of these places. Official information regarding Bournemouth, Southport, Broadstairs, and Aberystwyth, can also be obtained in the same manner. We must say that this shows, on the part of the Corporations of these various towns, a laudable desire to do everything possible for the convenience of the intending visitor.

"Parian White"

Cricketers and lawn-tennis players, interested in the somewhat difficult matter of cleaning white boots and of keeping them clean, should order a bottle of "Parian White," prepared by E. Brown and Sons. It is easy to apply, and is more lasting than other preparations. It is also of great service for cleaning belts and gloves.

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FROCK & DRESS COAT SPECIALIST
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